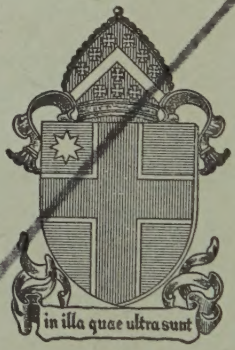
BERKELEY DIVINITY SCHOOL
LIBRARY



FROM THE LIBRARY OF
REV. H.E. KELLY

Accession Number
36000

Shelf Number
252
F16

Released by
Bryn Mawr
College Library

Henry Erskine Kelly
Litchfield.

BC

BX 5131 .F5
Figgis, John Neville, 1866-1919.
Hopes for English religion

HOPES FOR ENGLISH RELIGION

513 1
.F5

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

The Will to Freedom; or, The Gospel of Nietzsche and the Gospel of Christ. Being the Bross Lectures delivered in the Lake Forest College, Illinois, 1915. Crown 8vo, 6*s.* 6*d. net.*

The Gospel and Human Needs: Hulsean Lectures. With Additions. Crown 8vo, 5*s. net.*

Religion and English Society. Two Addresses. 8vo, 2*s. net*; paper covers, 1*s. net.*

Civilisation at the Cross Roads. Four Lectures delivered on the William Belden Noble Foundation before Harvard University in the year 1911. Crown 8vo, 6*s. net.*

Churches in the Modern State. Crown 8vo, 5*s. net.*

Antichrist, and Other Sermons. Crown 8vo, 6*s. net.*

Selections from the Correspondence of the First Lord Acton. Edited with an Introduction by JOHN NEVILLE FIGGIS, Litt.D., Honorary Fellow of St. Catharine's College, Cambridge, and REGINALD VERE LAURENCE, M.A., Fellow and Senior Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge. Vol. I.—Correspondence with Cardinal Newman, Lady Blennerhassett, W. E. Gladstone and others. 8vo, 15*s. net.*

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
LONDON, NEW YORK, BOMBAY, CALCUTTA, AND MADRAS

HOPES FOR ENGLISH RELIGION

BY

JOHN NEVILLE FIGGIS, D.D., Litt.D.

OF THE COMMUNITY OF THE RESURRECTION

HONORARY FELLOW OF ST. CATHARINE'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.

39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON

FOURTH AVENUE & 30TH STREET, NEW YORK

BOMBAY, CALCUTTA, AND MADRAS

1919

LIBRARY

BERKELEY DIVINITY SCHOOL

TO

ANNIE FIGGIS

IN REVERENT LOVE

CONTENTS

HOPES FOR ENGLISH RELIGION—

(*Preached at Grosvenor Chapel, Mayfair, August 1917*)

PAGE

I. FREEDOM 1

II. REDEMPTION 13

III. SACRAMENTALISM 27

IV. HUMANISM 43

OUR CATHOLIC INHERITANCE—

(*Preached at St. Barnabas' Church, Pimlico*)

I. THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN ENGLAND . . 55

II. OUR DEBT TO ROME 62

III. OUR DIFFERENCE FROM ROME . . . 70

IV. ANGLICAN COMPREHENSIVENESS . . . 82

V. THE DISTINCTIVE TYPE OF ENGLISH CATHOLICISM 92

UNIVERSITY SERMONS—

I. THE CHURCH AND THE FUTURE . . . 103
(*Cambridge, January 31, 1915.*)

II. FREEDOM AND AUTHORITY 114
(*Oxford, January 23, 1916.*)

III. CHRISTIANITY AND CULTURE . . . 126
(*Oxford, February 18, 1917.*)

IV. THE ETERNAL REFUGE 136
(*Cambridge, June 2, 1918.*)

Four Sermons preached at Grosvenor Chapel, Mayfair, August 1918—

PAGE

THE NEED OF GOD 148

THE PHARISEE AND THE PUBLICAN 155

'REJOICE EVERMORE' 160

SERVICE 167

'THERE WAS SILENCE IN HEAVEN' 172
(*Festival of Corpus Christi. Preached at All Saints', Margaret Street.*)

ANGELIC MINISTRY 178
(*Preached at St. Michael's, Paddington, September 29, 1917.*)

THE IDEAL OF A UNIVERSITY LIFE 184

THE INELUCTABLE CHARM 196

HOPES FOR ENGLISH RELIGION

I. FREEDOM

'Jerusalem which is above is free, which is the mother of us all.'—Gal. iv. 26.

We are beginning the fourth year of the war; our leaders have been taking stock and clearly stating its objects. Many statements of these are made. Some of them concern diplomatic arrangements or legal topics. With these we are not concerned here; what we are concerned with is the conflict between principles. The war, we have been told, is a war of ideals, and this is in the main true. The conflict is between the soul of the English and the soul of the Prussian. Our danger is that in conquering the body of our enemy we shall be inspired with his spirit.

Last week Mr. Asquith defined the meaning of the struggle as the conflict between ideals of freedom and of force. So far as we are assured that freedom is the end for which we are fighting, we know that our aim is spiritual. Faith in freedom implies faith in the spiritual nature of man. Prussia in its characteristic incarnation, Bismarck, always scouted the ideal of freedom, and her actions are all in harmony. English-

men believe in freedom even if they do not always achieve it, and even though they may have been at times false to their ideals—for the higher and the more spiritual your ideals, the greater gap must there be, always will there be, between ideal and practice. It is only the people with a low ideal who carry it out nearly. Only the devil is completely successful.

Now the great hope for English freedom is that at least in politics we do not confuse it with anarchy. In religion, in morals, there may be a tendency to carry individual liberty to excess ; but there is less of this in political and social life, or in social arrangements. That excessive individualism comes from a false view of human nature ; it loses sight of the essentially social nature of personality. The greatness of England has been that in all her characteristic institutions she has succeeded in harmonising both communal life and individual liberty. The best proof of that is, that people who stress one to the excess of the other always disapprove of those institutions ; they will either tell you that it is a tyranny, or else that it is anarchy.

We recognise that the individual is free, and we also recognise him as a member of a group. More and more does the problem of liberty turn on the recognition of small groups by the side of large ones.

It is this character of freedom at stake that has

brought America into the war, and led to the Russian cataclysm. We must not be surprised if the latter event has in its early stages produced excesses which are the cause of military disaster. As a power at war we must deplore this, but do not let us get into the habit of laying it all on the present *régime*, or want of *régime*, in Russia. The fault is with the bureaucrats of the last *régime*, who kept the millions ignorant. It is the cheapest form of Pharisaism to attack the Russian revolution just because it has not worked like clockwork at the first ; moreover, it is practically certain that without this revolution the Russian Government (not the Emperor) would have made a separate peace some time ago. Let us not, then, get into the tone of Pharisaic superiority, abusing people who are at this moment unduly suffering from the intoxication of liberty when first enjoyed. Still, that ought to be a lesson for us not to mistake liberty for anarchy, or to suppose that if every man can do what is right in his own eyes you can still have a real commonwealth.

The second error with regard to freedom is this : that it consists in desiring our own way. Everybody desires his own way. That is how the worst tyrant that ever was would express his aim in life. The true test of faith in freedom is the measure of tolerance we have for those who go a different way. Those who really

believe in freedom prove it by upholding the rights of others, whether peoples or individuals ; moreover, the limits of individual action in any nation, or in any part of a nation, must vary with circumstances. You cannot have the same liberty in a city besieged as in time of peace ; there must be concentration and even interference for the sake of bare existence.

Englishmen have been able to see these things ; that is what has united all classes, and led them to submit not only to sacrifices, but to all kinds of regulation very alien from their habit. We can all of us think of cases where that has not been done, but if you consider the ordinary Englishman's strong dislike of interference, the amazing thing is the amount of interference he has stood, and the nation as a whole has stood, as compared with the small number of those who claim in one thing or another to be supported by the nation at a time of crisis, while they themselves do exactly what they like.

However, it is not of the war that I am to speak on these four Sundays. I do not think people very much want sermons about the war—they come to church to get away from it.

Last year we considered here during the four Sundays in August some of the defects in English religion. On the eve of the National Mission it was well that we should see what was wrong ; but we are not wise if we fix our minds only upon

that ; we have enough to depress us as it is. This month, let us try to see what are the grounds of hope for the Catholic religion ; these are real. We forget them sometimes, owing to the English like of grumbling ; it is known that people who do not understand the English always imagine that their institutions are very much worse or less suited to them than they are, because one of the things that is a *sine qua non* in any English institution to the average Englishman is something in it at which he can grumble.

Let us this morning take that which is germane to the day, namely, the liberating force of true religion. This is not always recognised. Religion in a country like this has become involved in a mass of traditional and social institutions, and, consequently, some people identify religion with convention, and among many believers there are those who think of it mainly as a complex system of taboo, mainly concerned with prohibiting things. This may even be defended as needful discipline, or it may be attacked as cramping. Many of the younger generation in revolt think of it simply in dislike. But that is not the main quality of religion. In any time of religious awakening, it is the freedom-giving note that is the loudest. This exhilarating, uplifting spirit you can see throughout the Psalms, and also throughout the New Testament. The reason why people without knowing it are so

fond of the Psalms is that the Psalms are so full of exhilaration, the sense of freedom given by real religion. One not a Christian has said that the whole meaning of religious experience is summed up in the words : ' My soul has escaped even as a bird out of the snare of the fowler.' Psalm cxix. is occupied mainly with the law of God, yet you see it also brings in the same notion : ' I will walk in the way of Thy commandments, when Thou hast set my heart at liberty.'

This sense of liberty, of escape, of being lifted above the torments of time, all of us need. We need it just now more especially. As the long agony of the conflict goes on men feel this. Most of all they will feel it when it is over. They will feel it partly because there will come a sense of terrific fatigue ; and partly because the throes of war will be in some ways less perplexing than the social and economic tangle we shall have then to unravel. If we are not to be enmeshed in the net of circumstances we need faith in some power which shall lift us above that. In other words, the world needs a faith, men need a faith, in the eternal values, as they are called, in a power beyond this life. They want to be able to believe in themselves as having immortal aims, and they want to be able to believe in something that is beyond the extraordinary, ugly and tangled mess which life seems.

This is brought home to them in an age like this new age in which we now live, and of which we cannot live to see the end. It is a 'life and immortality brought to light' by the Gospel which can alone assure us; for that does lift us up; that shows us that our real life is in a world of which all these other things are only elements or stepping-stones. This thought of a God Who really lives and of a human life which, in society, is to go on beyond the grave—that can lift us up above 'the rumour of the periods,' and free our feet from sinking in the slough of despond. That was what the Jews found in the days when their kingdom was destroyed, as you can see in some of the later prophets. That was the sustenance of the first Christians. These people—we do not remember it—these early Christians were most of them slaves; slaves, no doubt, with different degrees of education, but slaves legally, and they had nothing in this life to look to, and no sense of freedom in the world they lived in. They found it in the Christian Church.

It is remarkable how modern writers who are enemies of freedom can find nothing but scorn for the early Christians. Believers in race supremacy, like Houston Stewart Chamberlain, are never weary of talking about what he calls the chaos of the Roman Empire and the mongrel people who embraced Christianity; and out of

that he would lead us into a new conquering and Teutonic religion still to be called Christian. It is a remarkable fact that people in this country to a large extent admired that book, *The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century*, when it was translated about 1911 or 1912. It was greeted with a thunder of applause, although it is extremely superficial, and, indeed, in certain places absolutely wild ; yet men were not afraid then of this notion, which is inimical to freedom and opposed to Christianity.

Now we have learned a little what that means. But we must realise that to many minds those early Christians are still what they were in the days of St. Paul, when he described them as the offscouring of all things. We who are Christians do well to compare ourselves to the men of that day, for the position of the Church in regard to the world has in the last fifty years more and more closely approximated to the earlier days of its obscurity. That is one reason why St. Paul is so modern and so helpful. We can all of us get refreshment and strength from St. Paul. It is the sense of a new-found freedom which breathes in all his utterances. All this is the secret of his terrific vitality. It is amazing to me how any one can seriously believe that the Christian Church is an institution which is hostile to life, in face of the writings of St. Paul. They do believe it, because they identify the Christian

Church with certain by-products, or else because they make the mistake which we used to make, so many of us, before the war, of thinking that all discipline is deadly. The same spirit can be seen in the Apocalypse of St. John. There the writer sees the Church as the liberating force setting men free from the tyrannous immoralism of the world-empire.

Such stirrings of the sense of freedom we see all around us now. You have heard of the Life and Liberty Movement. That movement is not the effort of a few cranks ; nor is it the push of one party. What precisely it will effect we cannot say. But it is gathering together many men and women of very different sympathies, solely on the ground that it represents religion as the spirit of liberty, and that it is determined to secure for the Church freedom from ancient, legal, and institutional trammels.

Another quality of freedom which we have—that is in this country—is the variety of parties in the Church of England. People on all sides deplore this ; they would like the Church to be of one colour ; they would like to turn out those who do not think the Church means what they think it means. And this is by no means confined to any one party ; it is equally virulent in those who are always talking about Liberalism. Yet by keeping all within one body we influence each other. The modern Christian, whether he

is a High, Low, or Broad Churchman, if I may use the old terms, owes more than he would like to admit to the contributions of those whom he regards as opponents. It is extraordinary how the work of men like Frederick Denison Maurice, or men like Bishop Westcott, or great Evangelical teachers on the Atonement, have entered into the minds of people who would be regarded as very different. Moreover there is a difference between attacking people inside the Church and desiring to turn them out of it. To say that people's views are very inadequate or very wrong is a very different thing from turning them out, so long as they mean what they think the Church means. In the same way, how often we feel that, though we may agree fundamentally with certain men in other bodies, there are barriers between us which no fraternisation can destroy.

Freedom and variety in the Church is our special note. It has its special dangers, and is a great trouble to many ; but I think we should be ill-advised if, in consequence of those dangers, we were to adopt a system which gave a greater appearance of uniformity, and possibly concealed beneath it even wider differences.

Further, if freedom is the quality of religion, if this is to be our main appeal to this age, we must look for more varied experiments. Such experiments will be of different kinds. We need not expect them all to be successful, but

we must be generous to them all. We are not to condemn them by maxims derived from Acts of Uniformity or the Test Act. The coercive force of these statutes may have long vanished, or mainly so, yet many people are still dominated by ideals suited only for the Caroline, and even sometimes the Elizabethan, period.

Lastly, let us not be afraid to claim for ourselves as Catholic Christians the name of Liberal. That term is not the exclusive property of persons with negative opinions closely allied to those of clerics like Bishop Hoadley of the eighteenth century. Still less must we allow the title of free spirit to be appropriated by those who in the name of religion would deny the Cross, and would jettison the whole experience of the race. They are right in thinking that religion is new and has the future, but it has the future because it is the inheritor of the past. Our claim as Catholics is just this : that we are neither the slaves of mere rationalistic theory, nor are we the victims of a lifeless tradition. We have no use for religion in tabloids, whether orthodox or not. Our claim is that we are in union with a living Person through a great society ; that we share the experience of all its members, and that into our life is poured the depth of St. Augustine, and the power of St. Ambrose, and the energy of St. Dominic, and the love of St. Francis. That Society is the

witness in this world to the reality of the other ; it lives not by the force of a carnal commandment, but by the power of an endless life. It is universal, and it outlasts the empires ; it is beyond the distinctions of race, just as it holds within it every kind of individual quality which can make God glad.

The Church is not an ancient Jewish institution which has survived ; nor is it merely Greek philosophy transmuted, nor modern English or French, or even Italian, but it blends the best elements in all. It is essentially free because its life is essentially personal, the spirit of Jesus, changing ever in expression, so that the Church can always teach because she can always learn.

That is the strange El Dorado adventure, at once the starting-point and the goal of the human spirit, the home of the soul and the paradise of God, on which you and I are going ; and in that adventure we shall be able both to find and to give freedom, for ' Jerusalem which is above is free, which is the mother of us all.'

II. REDEMPTION

'The whole creation groaneth and travaileth, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body.'—Rom. viii. 22-23.

THE Catholic religion, as we saw last week, is the great liberating force of the world. This is our ground for hope at this day, provided we see the Catholic religion in its beauty, that we do not, as one has put it, mistake for Christ the grave-clothes that enwrapped His Body.

These principles, of which we speak this month, are sometimes forgotten, but if they are borne in mind and become the motives of action, they give us grounds of hope.

To-day we will look at another of them. The redemptive character of the Christian religion is our great hope, especially when we compare it with other principles of reconstruction. Therein, in this redemptive character, lies the dynamic energy of Christianity, and by a redemptive system I mean a system which postulates, first, that the present condition of things is evil ; and, secondly, that this evil is not to be remedied from within, but that a remedy from without is forthcoming.

You remember how William James, who certainly was not a Christian, defined the essence of all religion as, first, the sense that something is wrong ; and secondly, that this wrong can be put right by making the necessary adjustments with the higher powers. I am not sure that all religion can be got into that formula, but certainly redemptive religion can. Nor must we suppose that our religion is the only religion of redemption. If it were, our task would be simpler. Buddhism is also a religion of redemption ; it teaches that evil is inherent in individual existence, and it inculcates an ethic of self-annihilation —annihilation which, by a long discipline of denial, is to destroy this evil nature.

The doctrine of Nietzsche is an ethic, if not a religion, of redemption ; it teaches that man's present evil or worthless character will be removed by the supersession of Christian ethics through its opposite, and by the development of a race of masters living on the top ; the rest of the world does not count. Christianity also teaches that ' the world is very evil ' ; that evil, it says, is due to sin, to the wrongful direction of the will. Yet it is different from either of the two systems I have mentioned in teaching the inherent dignity of human nature. It is not human nature, not classes of men, nor the fact of existence that is wrong, but the disease of the will. Human nature is in itself of so high a

worth that God could take that nature upon Him, and bring about redemption through the death on the Cross, and give us life from His own risen life.

This deliverance, once wrought, men appropriate by becoming 'new creatures' in that society which shares and communicates the Divine life. Everybody who joins a new society, in so far as the pressure of that society is effective, is to some extent a new creature, and the universality and penetrating quality of religion makes this more true of Christianity than of others. Buddhism believes that human individuality is so bad that it must be done away with. Nietzsche teaches that most men are inherently worthless, and that the only thing to be done with them is to treat them as instruments, but he says that the ruthless exploitation of the many will make possible, not in this age but in future ages, a small body of true and noble characters.

But Christianity is the most democratic of all religions, though Mohammedanism in that respect runs it hard. It sees hope for every man who wants it by virtue of the Cross and Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ. It declares that nobody is sunk so low that he may not be raised to share in the Divine life of Christ. On the other hand, it declares also (and that is harder to our own day) that nobody is so naturally

noble that he does not need God's help and forgiveness. Theosophy would, I suppose, give you other means of redemption ; I think it is a system of redemption.

All these are different from the optimism of the last two centuries. Any one of them has a better chance just now than the shallow sentiment of a good-natured universe which I suppose nearly ever since the time of Leibnitz has ruled a large amount of educated and benevolent opinion.

This war has put an end to this optimism. Certain notions once popular have been destroyed by it. The intellectual baggage for life's cabin passage, which a little while ago did duty, has been torpedoed. First and foremost, men have learned the reality of evil. Men used to say that evil was ignorance, or that it was imperfection, or arrested development, or the survival of animal instinct, or even that it was mere illusion, the inevitable error of a limited and partial view, but that from the point of view of God there was no such thing as evil. Now the world has seen it in 'all the naked horror of the truth.' Evil is the chosen idol of a will self-absorbed and worshipping its own fancies. Other errors this age may make and will make. All kinds of different schemes for salvation it may embrace. One thing it will not do : it will not deny that salvation in some

form is a need of the world ; nor will it assert that evil is an illusion, a tremor of the imagination. The world knows evil and feels it, as it has not done for generations. It suspects it for what it is—love turned the wrong way. Do not misunderstand me when I say that our age is like to be free from these errors of the near past. I do not mean that they will not be held at all. You can never say of any view that nobody will hold it ; some survivals there are, people who belong to the previous age in any time, and some cranks who see only what they wish to see. Have we not in this land with us our own dear pacifists, just like the Bourbons of a past age, in order to show us that it is possible to live through a time of lurid tragedy, learning nothing and forgetting nothing, and repeating with a complacent satisfaction the formula and the catchwords of an age which had not the revelation which we have ?

Secondly, the notion of progress—progress automatic and inevitable—has gone ; I do not say that there is not a right sense in which we can talk of human progress : there certainly is. Yet this war with an enemy, more fiendish and brutal and treacherous than the worst days of barbarism, has shown how false is that idea of the last age, that the world gets better of itself, like a child growing in its sleep. Tennyson bade men ' move upward working out the beast,

and let the ape and tiger die.' Such appeals ring false now because the ape and tiger are so far preferable to the ' All Highest,' and still more so to the intellectual apologists of his scheme. For the remarkable thing is, as the French Ambassador pointed out in speaking of *la barbarie pédante*, not a certain amount of barbarous action—presumably that takes place in all war—but the intellectual backing which such actions have had, and the definite command on the part of the highest authorities among the enemy.

The tendencies of thought which this war has accentuated had begun before. The war is the culminating point. Huxley began this process. He had no religious bias ; he remained a strong agnostic to the end, but he showed in his famous *Romanes Lecture* that the best things in human life had not come from natural evolution, but from the human will set upon good and resisting cosmic development. Still the old doctrine bore sway in the popular mind, and also in a large part of theological writing, especially that intended to be liberal, and still more so across the sea. I remember once after I had been talking to some American students on the subject, ' Marvel not if the world hate you,' that one or two of these spoke to me—(so far as I recollect one was a Churchman and the other probably not ; neither, as far as I know, had any objections to orthodox Christianity)—but they both came

to me and said they could not understand what I meant : surely the world as a matter of course was getting more and more Christian every day ? We did not talk like that even then in this country, and now we know how far it is from the truth. We can no longer say that apart from the grace of God men show any tendency to get better ; rather they get worse. The mind becomes subtler ; life becomes more complex. All that means greater power for evil, both external and internal. Compare the possibilities both in action and in his inner life of a highly educated Prussian prince with those of some chief of a tribe in the Caribbean Sea. The latter may order cruelties and thefts, but his mind is only half awake, and much is due to custom ; his villainies bear the same sort of relation to the other as the naughtiness of a child of five to the calculated scheme of a Crippen or a Charles Peace.

Thirdly, and closely connected with the last point, even more patently false than the doctrine of natural goodness and inevitable progress, is the doctrine that all necessary amelioration can be effected by culture. In education, in the powers of a trained mind and will, no one disputes the pre-eminence of the Prussian. I suppose it would have been admitted before the war that the Prussian officer is in this matter of mental training as much superior, not, of course,

to all, but to his average English compeer, as Mommsen is to Mrs. Markham. At any rate, we need not deny that two generations of Englishmen and other countries have bowed before the Germans in music, in history, in classical scholarship, in philosophy, in science, and still more, of course, in the military art. But for this war Teutonic culture would have conquered the world; and possibly that dream of Houston Stewart Chamberlain of a new religion, nominally Christian, but entirely Teutonic, paying no regard to the development of Catholic Christianity, might have come true. Fortunately the Germans have saved us by showing in act and deed both the matter and the manner of their doings; they have shown us our mistake, and delivered the world from an unreasoning faith in culture. Education increases the power of a nation or an individual to manipulate the world. A man knows more and knows better what he wants. He has more command of the means to attain his wants. He has learned the self-control needful to wait and to set aside subsidiary aims; but a man does not, because he is educated, necessarily have nobler aims than others, and he may be more and not less conscienceless. Germany has shown us with less of grace and refinement what Europe in the fifteenth century learned from some of the Renaissance princes and popes.

All this, the revelation of the reality of evil, of the—if I may so put it—non-inevitability of progress and of the inadequacy of culture, has made men feel that the world as it is is in a parlous state, and that it needs redemption. That has been the cry of social reformers of every school ; it is the *leit motif* of revolutionaries ; it is the burden of much recent literature. Mr. Wells said so long since in a book called *Marriage*. It inspires the writings of Mr. Galsworthy and even of Mr. Shaw, and you will find it in many other popular writings. The facile optimism of the last age has gone for a time. Christianity has new rivals, some of them formidable, but they are different in kind from the agnosticism of the past age. Neither rose-water idealism nor cold self-restrained moralism has much appeal. All the competitors of Christianity come with some kind of gospel, catastrophic, redemptive, apocalyptic. In that way they will be nearer akin to the Christ of the New Testament than was the liberal Protestant caricature of Him, or than any philosophic meliorist with His maxims.

This, then, is the ground of hope for the Christian religion : the world not only needs but feels the need of redemption ; it does not always use the word. But if we are to realise this hope, we must fulfil certain conditions. First of all, this redemptive character of the Christian Faith must

not be slurred over ; to use technical language, the theology of grace must be emphasised, the sense that it is not of him that willeth, or him that runneth, but God from Whom comes all help and power—the picture of the Gospel as light to a world in darkness, or, more accurately, a spar to a man drowning in a rough sea, and not merely the thought of religion as the guarantee of man's own higher thought, or the sanction of honourable living, or of social piety. It is that, but it is much more than that. What the world needs is help ; it feels that it cannot help itself alone, and if it can only believe it is ready to recognise that power from beyond which shall tell us that ' our warfare is accomplished, our sin is pardoned.'

People are afraid sometimes to talk about the forgiveness of sins, but it is what we all want now. The Tractarian Movement went too far in its reaction from the crude language and excited appeals ' to be saved ' of the Evangelicals. In the last age the Atonement was not denied ; it was taken for granted. Conversion, definite conversion, very often was denied. Men thought of the Incarnation as the central truth, and that if they concentrated upon that all the rest would follow.

Unfortunately, what has followed this thrusting aside of the Atonement has been an increasing hesitation about the worship of Jesus as Lord.

Make people think of Jesus as Saviour, and they will soon worship Him as Lord. Make Him only the Lord of all good life, and they will begin to think of Him merely as the embodiment of the moral ideal ; and gradually, almost without knowing it, to lose sight of His transcendent nature. It is Jesus as our Saviour Who always wins men, and always will do, except the virtuous few, the ' moral gentlemen,' upon whom Dr. Forsyth casts scorn. But what men need is ' that strange Man upon the Cross,' God supreme, not in power, but in humility and suffering and submission. ' I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me.'

Along with the Cross, we must emphasise the unique character of our religion. Sometimes we hear that this war has shown the bankruptcy of the Christian Church. That is nonsense. What it has shown is the bankruptcy of all other ways of life. Ever since the Renaissance people have been excluding Christianity from any influence on public life, or intellectual ideals. Christendom was a fact in the Middle Ages ; now it is no more than a geographical expression, if it be so much. This war was provoked by the universal prevalence, in industrial no less than in international relations, of ideals and methods which not even its enemies would call Christian ; and so it has proved the death of all hopes for the world based upon pure naturalism. I do

not say that it is the death of naturalism itself, because you can hold that if you are consistently pessimistic; but it destroys the hope from it.

But the Christian doctrine of loyalty to the brotherhood of human life as essentially a society and springing out of loyalty to Christ the Redeemer, of the permanence in the other world of personal and social relations of love and worship—this is not only intact, but it shows the only optimistic way out. Apart from its theological foundations and its reference to the other world, it is being preached as the one hope of mankind by many who are far enough from our Faith.

Lastly, the Alexandrian age, as I may call it, of English religion has closed—the period dominated by Westcott; that method of assimilation and culture (the same sort of motive that inspired Clement of Alexandria and others of the Greek fathers) has come to an end. It did a very valuable work, but we have passed that stage. The growth of influential systems of thought and inspirers of action which not only deny creeds but repudiate Christian ideals of life, has forced upon us the realisation of our own distinctness, our unique quality as Christians. All high ideals ultimately have their sanction in the Christian Church, and without that support will soon decay; just in the same way as the ancient

world on its better side was feeling after a system of life only fulfilled in completeness by the Gospel. But we must not take these things as the measure of our aim. In the same way the philosophy of the Cross of Christ was precisely the same as the philosophy that we see now fulfilled so wonderfully in the sacrifice of those who are dying for us at the Front. But although it is the same it is a great deal more, and bigger.

Frank paganism is now proclaimed by some; others throw scorn upon every object of Christian reverence, even the character of our Lord. It is clear that we must realise our own unique position; we must present our Faith as desirable because it is different from other things, and not in spite of the fact. Too many people have been inclined to argue that there can be no harm in accepting Christianity, because it is just the same as all high moral ideals. We want its distinct beauty and colour, and that is what the world wants, though some will reject it. To that end we need more and more to feed upon the Bible.

That is the great help for us in England. The Bible is not so well known or read as it used to be, apart from students. The great tradition, the atmosphere of Scripture, is still with the masses. Quotations still are made quite naturally. This is more so, I think, with the great masses of men than it is with the most highly

educated. But if we are to bring out these qualities, the redemptive, the apocalyptic, the unique nature of the Catholic religion, we need more and more to dwell upon the words and the pictures of Scripture ; not upon any summary of the philosophy of religion or the ideals of Christianity, but the pictures of Jesus in the Gospels, or that wonderful picture of the heart and mind of that great human being St. Paul, or the sublime, almost unearthly vision of St. John. It is often the best hope for any one who is in doubt about his faith to get him to read the First Epistle of St. John.

But for ourselves, let those words and phrases mean more and more to us ; let us meditate upon them, and once more perhaps we shall win that in which we are so sorely behind the world, the courage for which all things are possible. ' In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.'

III. SACRAMENTALISM

'The invisible things of God are clearly seen, through the things that are visible.'—Rom. i. 20.

ONE of our chief grounds for hope is the Sacramental character of the Catholic religion. In face of certain notorious facts this statement may seem strange, but I think it is true. Sacramentalism is not an excrescence upon Christianity ; it is of its inmost being.

Secondly, it is congruous with human life, and in the true sense natural.

Thirdly, it is the form which makes religion effective for the average man. Professor Gwatkin used to deplore that 'the natural man is a born Catholic.' We may accept the fact, but we need not deplore it. A religion which is to help men in general must accept while sublimating the natural qualities of human life.

The first of these is our condition in a world of space and time with inward and outward inextricably mingled. Secondly, man is by nature a social being ; society is not a thing added on at will. He develops himself through living in groups, of which the most obvious is the natural

group of the family. The Church bases her claim upon these facts.

Firstly, man is not a discarnate spirit ; he is a being which functions in space and in changing time ; nor, except in thought, can we separate the outward life of the body from the inward life of self-consciousness. This latter, strictly speaking, is all that we can be sure to know. Any religion which appeals to man, and not to a piece of him, must do so in a concrete form, and not merely in ideas and sentiments ; that is, it must make use of outward means as well as of inward. That is the method of Incarnation.

It is a commonplace that the Sacramental method involves the same principle. Most arguments against the Sacramental significance of Baptism or the Eucharist can equally well be used against the Incarnation.

On the general principle of a religion which shall be more than merely notional we need not go to High Churchmen. We can take two such typical eighteenth-century prelates as Bishop Butler and Bishop Warburton. The former in a Charge to the clergy of Durham argues forcibly for the external formulation of religion. He says: 'The form of religion may indeed be where there is little of the thing itself ; but the thing itself cannot be preserved among mankind without the form.' Warburton, in *The Alliance between Church and State*, answers the claim that

Christianity need be no more than the relation of each individual to God. He says: 'It may be asked whether this intercourse as it begins, so likewise, it should not end in mental exercise; and consequently whether religion be not what many seem now disposed to think it, but a kind of divine philosophy in the mind; which composes only a spiritual and mystic body of followers. For if this indeed be the case there is an end of all religious society. . . . We can easily conceive how a mere mental religion may fit the nature of pure immaterial spirits. . . . But man being compounded of two natures, soul and body, it seems necessary at first sight that religion here should partake of the character of its subject.'

Yet, as Warburton knew, the dislike of this doctrine of any external form of religion is common; it always will be common. Religion has been defined as living from the deepest depths of being. To many who try to feel these depths consciously, abstraction from any outward form seems a needful means; in consequence they resent any notion that, for instance, Sacraments can be vitally effective. This objection is further connected with the doctrine that it is degrading to God to suppose that He would make use of such means as bread and wine, purely material means, as a condition of a gift so spiritual as grace is. That

objection owes its force to the subtle Manichæan doctrine that matter is evil. There is a feeling that God cannot enter into the material world. This doctrine has great attractions, especially for good people. It is so easy to see an ineradicable taint in all outward things. Then you will go on to declare that God is not to be worshipped by consecrating material things, but by living so far as may be in denial of them. But after all, as the text says, the outward world is a Sacrament of the inner. This Sacramental claim is not, as some would have it, the claim of some strange and foreign element intruding into religion and degrading it : rather it comes from life in this world, and is congruous with the natural pieties of life. The sense of worship which rises on the hills, or, as we contemplate a sunset ; our reverence for the spirit in the simplest and most ancient form of family reunion ; the belief that a meal is a sort of sacrament of friendship ; the age-long belief that the highest kind of life is sustained by some physical communication of the divine—all these are summed up, and find their true development in the Christian cult.

That some of these notions are of earlier origin and wider prevalence than Jewish religion may be true ; if so, we may welcome the fact. Sacramental Christianity is the consecration of the spiritual life of the race, and the Church is the

natural home of the soul. So far from its being an objection, it is a gain when we are told in detail how the Gospel is a net which gathers in many kinds. This characteristic of our religion makes it a charter of liberties for all. Christianity is a religion not for saints only, but for sinners : 'I come not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance.' The Church is not meant to be a small body of nice people ; it is the great universal society of sinning, suffering, and struggling men and women, saints and sinners, good, as the world calls them, and bad ; the phlegmatic no less than the zealous ; realists no less than idealists.

Now, Sacramental religion is the one safeguard of this ; those to whom religion is an interest even more than it is a principle have always the temptation to get by themselves into a Paradise apart. This they may well do, provided they gather into guilds within the great Society and not apart from it, or do not try to make themselves the whole. The danger is always lest good people want to make the Church consist of themselves alone. That was the fault of the Donatists. It has been the bane of Puritanism ; but we can see it at times even in zealous Catholics. Every one who feels himself burning in zeal has the temptation to wish to cast out people who seem lukewarm ; he thinks their religion means nothing to them ; but he may

be wrong. The Church is not meant to consist only of spiritual athletes, still less is it meant to consist of spiritual dilettanti. The Church is a body of men, not supermen. 'Are all apostles? Are all prophets? Have all the gift of tongues?'

No religion has any claim to be universal which of set purpose leaves out the average man, and by the average man, remember, we mean the man of no more than average spiritual endowments and religious tastes, for these are independent of earthly circumstances. The Catholic Church would not be democratic if it merely included the whole spiritual *élite*, though they happened to be crossing-sweepers, because this endowment, these spiritual faculties, as I say, do not depend on education to any great extent and certainly not on position; but we must not deceive ourselves into believing that the Church would be anything more than a coterie if it excluded no one from its fellowship, dukes or dustmen, making only the condition that all must have great spiritual power. It is glorious to think that the prince of the Apostles was St. Peter, that bungling fisherman, and not an educated intellectual genius like St. Paul, or a born mystic like St. John. The various Puritan systems have always tried to make, or would make, of the Church a body of the spiritual *élite*; belief in the Sacraments is a great safeguard against that, because it does not depend upon

our capacity to have spiritually exalted experiences.

Secondly, the Sacraments are universal in their operation. Not only do they appeal to all, but they help us in all moods, and we know very well we need them most when we feel dullest. It is not when, as we say, we feel good or feel spiritually moved that we need most the help of God in this way. You need not have any particular thrill to get the benefit of Sacramental grace. What some people regard as the shame of Holy Baptism and the Eucharist is their glory. The grace is from God, and works independently of the mood and of the temperament of the recipient.

On the other plan religious life becomes a succession of rare ecstasies followed very often by the attempt to galvanise ourselves into thrills that we can imagine to be ecstasies. Nothing is more dangerous, but it fits in with the modern cult of excitement for excitement's sake.

Let us then have hope; for in presenting Sacramental Christianity we are not offering the world a weird and unnatural mysticism, nor are we demanding some rare spiritual experience beyond the common power. Rather it is natural piety sublimated, and it has its special appeal and place for the man of ordinary, and no more than ordinary, spiritual endowment. The

person who can do best without it is not the ordinary man, but a person of a naturally high character and aspirations, and so we often find.

More than this, we must claim for the Sacramental principle that it is of the essence of Christianity. When the Church appears in history she is Sacramental. It is not an extraneous foreign infusion in the simple life of the early Christians. If it were, we should not have the Epistle to the Hebrews taking for granted as first principle the doctrine of Baptism. All modern researches show that we cannot cut the Sacramental notion out of the New Testament. Even those who attribute all to St. Paul testify to its primitive quality; for the epistles of St. Paul are our earliest authority for Christian practice. It is now charged against St. Paul that he invented the Eucharist, that he adapted Christianity to the mystery cults at that time so fashionable; but we find that the First Epistle to the Corinthians clearly speaks of the Eucharistic worship as something established and well known. Still it may be admitted that Christianity is a mystery religion. How much it owes to them—in terms like salvation—I hardly think we can say. It fulfilled a want of whose existence the prevailing mystery cults were evidence; that is, it gave those people in reality what they had been long seeking for and trying to invent.

But that is only one side ; you cannot cut off the entail which binds the Christian Church to the Jewish. It is being asked now whether our Lord really founded the Church, with a strong presumption in favour of a negative reply. The answer to that is not to point to a definite polity sketched out by our Lord, as we must suppose in the great Forty Days, but rather to emphasise His claims to be the Messiah. 'I am not come to destroy the law but to fulfil it.'

The Christian Church is the Jewish Church come to its consummation. The object of Christ's earthly ministry was to get the Jewish nation to recognise that the Kingdom had come at last, and that the meaning of their hopes was there. Had they done that, there would have been no question about this continuity ; since they did not, the Church has, to some extent at least, the appearance of being a totally new body, and even her own apologists sometimes overstress this newness. That is why it is so important to dwell upon the prophecies of the Old Testament to see how all is working up to the doctrine of the Kingdom of God and the Messiah.

And that is why we are right in claiming that loyalty to the Church is a duty. 'Loyalty to the brotherhood,' somebody said the other day, 'is incompatible with loyalty to the Spirit.' That is true only on the doctrine of absolute individualism—false alike in politics and in religion.

The Catholic Church, it is said, owes more to Greece and Rome than to Galilee. In truth it owes a great deal to both. The ancient world was strong in its sense of loyalty to the communal life. In Aristotle's famous phrase, 'The State is prior to the individual.' In this way we can see how much of the antique passion of sacrifice for the compact city-State has had to do with the Christian notion of reverence for the body. But is the Jews' passionate sense of loyalty to their own polity as God-given to go for nothing? From which side is derived that notion of 'a peculiar people, a royal priesthood, a holy nation'? Surely the Jewish. Even now we are told the Jewish sense of fellowship and loyalty to their own body shames that of many a Christian. Both Jewish polity and ancient civic piety bear witness to the same truth—the inherent sociality of man and his need of loyalty to the body. Professor Royce argues that this loyalty to the brotherhood is the whole meaning of Christianity.

Authority rightly understood is not a fetter upon the freedom of the spirit; it is a means for its growth. All men, even the most unconventional, must pay regard, first, to their past, and, secondly, to their fellows. You cannot cut the painter, and begin the world afresh each generation even if you try: nor can any man live unto himself alone; if he did he would have no lan-

guage. The point is whether these things—loyalty to the traditional wisdom of men and loyalty to the collective judgment—are of the essence of our life, or whether they are things in regard to which you can, without damage, exercise your own caprice.

The Catholic Church, as do all wise statesmen, insists upon the former view ; only, as we see from the case of Germany, you must not make that claim of authority absolute ; authority is not infallibility. The opposite scheme, that of extreme individualism, is put forward as a rule by a few highly placed persons living on the accumulated treasures of society, and cherishing an isolation of spirit which is rendered possible only by the vast communal labour of the present and by ages of fellowship and sacrifice in the past. Sheltered in such a way, men can preach alike in politics and religion a purely self-centred individualism. Long since it has been discarded in politics. From the Christian Faith it is inherently alien, not on account of any high-flown supernatural doctrine, but because it conflicts with the essential principle of love. The individualist mystic, treating Church life as an accident, disbelieving in Church prayers and collective organisation—such a one may, indeed often does, practise benevolence ; he tries to love his neighbour, but this cannot seem to him in the same way part of his spiritual life as it is to

one who feels that he is a Christian as being a baptized member of the Church, drinking in the life of the whole, and in his turn contributing to that life. We must never forget that if the individual takes, he also gives, and that is why we are each of us so deeply responsible.

Church authority is a communal fact in which every single member—not the priests or the bishops alone—has his part. Newman saw that long ago, and pointed it out in his paper on *Consulting the Laity on Matters of Doctrine.*

This is our final reply to those who charge us with making an addition to, and perverting the purity of, the original faith. Churchliness, treating men as Christians because they are members of the Body, is of the essence of Christianity ; because Christianity is the revelation that love is the goal of human life, and the meaning of the Godhead. Therefore society is not an afterthought, but inherent in the nature of things.

For the same reason we can take courage ; the taunts of our enemies may be bitter, and the prospect may look black, but the Catholic religion has its strength in the immemorial depths of human life ; just as it gathers beauty from the devotion of a hundred generations. We are not to fear but that it will outlast ' the shocks of time, the shows of circumstance,' even in a day that seems turned to other things.

It does seem turned. It will be asked : if your principles are universal, why is it that they are so little accepted ? First of all, Christianity needs faith. The religion of love as the essence of things is not obvious. If we thought it was so in 1914, we cannot think so now. It cannot be proved. The cumulative force of many different arguments may be strong, but it is not coercive, and therefore, unless you have persecution, so long as you have education you cannot have religious uniformity. In all ages, many, perhaps the majority, will reject Christianity. A philosopher said all the fundamental philosophical positions are tenable in any age, though not all are equally prevalent. If they are free, some men will take one, some another. We cannot expect to do away with unbelief in this world. Great harm is done by trying to state Christianity in such a way as to embrace every one in a world like this. All we can hope for is a religion which makes a universal appeal.

But even so it may be said, even among Christians, only a small minority accept these principles. Ask the man in the street, and what will he tell you ? Still I would say it is not a minority if we take Christendom as a whole. And secondly, even in this country more people accept these principles than we suppose. Where they differ is in their application. Methodists arose really owing to their strong feeling of

Churchliness and to the Establishment of the eighteenth century not providing for them. The Baptists have, or had, a strong doctrine of Sacramental Grace in regard to Baptism, and even among Churchmen who dislike the word Catholic there is a great deal more faith in its fundamental principles than we suppose. They may not like what they think is elaborate and fussy ceremonial; but they do not want religion utterly non-sacramental and interior; and for the more part they believe in Baptism as constituting membership of the Church, and have a vague but real belief in Sacramental Grace.

Still, even with all these qualifications, are there not those who repudiate all this doctrine of the Church and Sacraments, and only tolerate its power at present in the hope of getting rid of it, while they still retain faith in our Lord as their Redeemer? Yes, there are. But will they go on in that way? I think that Evangelical Christianity apart from the Church is not easy to maintain. Quakerism carries these principles to their logical conclusion; but remember that the Quakers arose in an age when all accepted the Incarnation and the Bible. But the doctrine of the inner light is really a denial of both. If the individual is to be guided solely by his own immediate inspiration, which he believes to come from God, then he has no possible means of connecting anything that comes to him with the Jesus

of history, still less of believing in a doctrine to explain or to expound Jesus, such as the Incarnation. He believes only in the immediate gift of God to his own spirit, and ultimately you must have, so far as I can see, a purely subjective religion without any reference to any historical development. Even a less rigid acceptance of the 'evangelical' parts of the Creed apart from the others is not much more hopeful. We have seen the way things have gone in Geneva and in Germany. But, on the other hand, we must remember this; as I said the first week I was speaking to you, people will, and are intended to, emphasise very different parts of Christian life. There will always be those within the great society of the Church who may accept and indeed use the Sacramental system, whose religious life will go on mainly apart from it. We must always be prepared for this emphasis of different elements in the life of the Christian Church. So long as people are content to live within the one great body and not to pour scorn on others, we must admit that there are some for whom the Sacramental side of religion is not the most important.

But for the great mass of Christians I believe that will not be so. More and more as I muse upon it, more and more as the wonder and beauty of the Catholic experience of all ages come into my soul, do I feel that the more rich and strange

is the experience that may be ours, and the sense of praise and worship and of God's Presence given to us in our Eucharistic worship ; and more and more am I convinced that for the majority of men and women, not, perhaps, capable through time or temperament of high speculation or of any great powers of religious rapture, the system of external ordinances and of Sacramental means is the one truly democratic system in religion which gives them each and all their place and their rights independent of their temperament, their education, and, if I may say so, of their character. It provides for them, not at the time when they are at their best, but at the time when faith burns dim, when the light of life seems low, when everything seems dull and nothing worth doing—then they can come and rest in the beauty of the Sacrament when they would perhaps by themselves be unable to make prayers of any meaning.

IV. HUMANISM

'I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.'—St. John x. 10.

THE most dangerous notion that modern Christianity has to combat is that it means a shrinking from life, that by its moral system it closes the avenues of human experience, and that in that it is wedded to the tradition which starves the mind. Yet the heightened life of which these words speak is the quality of the Christian Church as we see it in the New Testament, and it is clearly shown in all great periods of the Church, and it is also found in individuals.

So, too, it gives this sense of the right to a full life to people of whom outwardly we should think the reverse was true. True, this system involves discipline, and all discipline is a 'dying,' the cutting off of what we like best at the moment, or the facing of something painful or dangerous; but, if discipline be a dying to life, we can embrace it. No artist, no thinker, no successful leader was ever made without it. Christianity is the hardest discipline, for its aim is to make us 'pilgrims of eternity' fit for our destiny. But that aim is the development of our fuller

personality, functioning in a society, rich in every spiritual treasure. It is not, as in Buddhism and other Oriental religions, the annihilation of personality.

Our hopes for the Catholic religion at this stage rest upon our faith in its power to stimulate every living and wholesome interest of human life and society. We claim that in the Christian Church each man in the degree and measure of his capacity can have not less but more of the love of beauty, as shown in art, letters, and music, or the sense of order and the desire for truth in the investigation of natural phenomena, or that love of intimacy with human life in every age which we call the historical sense, no less than he can in the growth of all bodily powers and courage, and the readiness for adventure, mental and physical.

In a word, Christianity is the sanction of Humanism in its best sense, and the Church is the true home of the soul and the body. These are large claims. Many do not believe that they are well founded. Yet our hopes for winning men and women in this age, avid of experience, set on fire by the love of what is new, depend upon our trying with all our force to make that claim good. Its success rests upon each of us—each Christian man and woman. Any turning back or shrinking, any frowning out on puritanic or obscurantist lines, or undue

readiness to be shocked (which is all that some people think religion means) may do incalculable harm. I heard of an eminent bishop, who when visiting was introduced by the priest to his churchwarden, the publican of the village, and an excellent man, but the bishop's remark was, 'Could you not have managed to get some one else?'

Remember that this depends upon the laity more than it does upon the clergy. Some will say how absurd it is to claim for the Church any place in this movement of the spirit. Is it not notorious that Christians are of small account in certain circles which are predominantly intellectual, while as to art, letters, science, the majority of Christians, even of those who have what is called a good education, are avowedly unsympathetic? The English clergy used to be called the wonder of the world for their learning, and a little later it was expected, as a matter of course, that the vicar of the parish would be the most cultivated man in it. Is it not, rather, true that there is a gulf between the Church and culture, and that this gulf is widening daily? In so far as it is true, I claim that it is only an incidental phase, and that it is our business to end it. Moreover, the Church does not mean the clergy. It is for Christians because they are Christians to have this sympathy, and in some rather obvious cases it is not the priest who

should be expected to develop it. It is not the business of any one to try to be everything. It is the business of the Church to include every real interest. We cannot expect, for instance, a hard-working parish priest in a populous slum district to have at his finger-ends the latest literary, artistic, or scientific gossip. My point is that these qualities and these interests ought to be shown by the Church in its members, and that they may be.

The divorce between the Church and intellectual activities, so far as it is a fact, is due to several causes. The first has been the attempt to dominate scientific inquiry by conclusions supposed to be derived from theology. Of this the cardinal instance is the case of Galileo. The outcry against Charles Darwin in the last age was an unpleasant echo of that. The effect of that error was disastrous, and it is not yet over. There persists amongst scientific men a suspicion of all theological thought, and it still persists, although it is probably mitigated. But science has acquired her independence; even that, however, has tended to make the Church take up a position of entire detachment and to disclaim interests in a sphere beyond its direct province.

Other causes are deeper. Religion is, as I believe, the ultimate sanction for all that can be called humane culture; that is, culture may exist at any moment without religion, but it has

no real right to do so, and it may decay. Yet this basis is not obvious, nor is it always clear what is meant by culture as a fruit of the religious spirit. To the profoundly religious mind the danger of absorption in these interests may present itself as an acute form of the temptation of the world, more acute because more subtle than in its somewhat grosser form. You know the famous story of St. Bernard, how he walked past the Lake of Geneva, and was so absorbed in Divine contemplation that he had no leisure to admire the scenery. At other times he showed a real regard for scenery. Since the other world is the goal of the religious man, and since his final place can be only in the City of God, the religious man may be inclined to treat interest in all these matters of human creation as though it meant living upon a lower level, and to detach himself therefrom. Where this notion rules, in proportion as people are earnest in religion, they will tend to regard themselves as superior to learning, without the need of any earthly cult of beauty. For certain rare souls that may be true, but it is not true for the mass of men, even Christian men. The effect of this has been bad. It has tended to make both religion and culture of departmental interest—as you see in shop windows the term 'Art fabrics.' Instead of ministering to the whole life of the people, having a broadly human appeal, as we see in the great age of the

thirteenth century, both religion and culture are now regarded as the affairs of those who like that sort of thing and have time for it, and each of them tends to be treated as a something apart from the main stream of civilisation as presented to us in all its beauty by the factory and the cinema. Religion to be human must be in principle Sacramental. Treated as a purely otherworldly interest it becomes the property of those who can make it their main form of earthly activity.

This need not be. Of that we have evidence in history. The better side of the ancient world from the time of Socrates developed in ideals which had their outcome in Christianity, and which could be fulfilled in no other way. The Church has been the most potent means for preserving what is good in the ancient culture, and handing it down. Clement of Alexandria saw this, and claimed that the educated Christian was the true Gnostic. St. Augustine, uncompromising as he is, is fully imbued with the culture of his day, and influenced by the writings of Vergil and Cicero. Here we have shown the power of the great Christian Society to assimilate all that was malleable to its spirit of an ancient civilisation. In the Middle Ages we see its creative activity at work. It is easy to sneer at the barbarism of those times, so different——is it not ?—from our world, as ' the combats

of kites and crows.' Bishop Creighton was right in saying that the greatest age yet known was the thirteenth century. There we find the high-water mark of achievement in the greatest Gothic, like the Sainte Chapelle and all the subsidiaries. Poetry never surpassed the *Divina Commedia* of Dante; and the intellectual activity of the universities of those days put ours to shame, and it was not the possession merely of a class. Every part of life was claimed for God, but in writers like St. Thomas the intellect obtains its rights, and in spite of reverence for authority has rarely been freer. The revival of the spirit of humility and poverty in the friars went side by side with the development of a vast system of law founded on the Roman, and attempts to prevent the oppression of the poor, which, if not wholy successful, were preferable to the methods of the Manchester Economists and their fellows, who encouraged the slavery of children, so ably described recently by Mr. and Mrs. Hammond in their new book, *The Town Labourer*. Even the change to the modern world was the work of Churchmen. In its later stages the Renaissance may have been anti-Christian. Machiavelli and others, like Nietzsche, took the bad elements of the pagan mind; but the great rush of the rediscovery of Humanist enthusiasm was not anti-Christian, and the debt of culture is great to Popes of blameless life and human learning

like Nicholas V. It was so also in the seventeenth century. Alike in this country and France, there was a great intellectual ferment, and in the main it was nothing incompatible with religious fervour. We see that in men like Jeremy Taylor, or Bossuet, or Fénelon. On the evidence of history it cannot be maintained that the Church is divorced from culture.

I think we can go further. In the first part of his work, *The Foundations of Belief*, Mr. Arthur Balfour has shown that a thorough-going acceptance of the principle of naturalism must be the death of religion and all the other goods of human life beyond immediate comfort. This thesis has been developed by others, like Mr. Mallock. This is not true always of individuals, and would show itself but gradually. What is true is that the pursuit of truth, the worship of beauty, alike depend upon faith in the universe as the work of God. Apart from the practical work of science in enslaving nature, there is no reason for going on with laborious toil unless we believe ourselves to have permanent value. Truth is worth getting at if we think we are immortal beings. Otherwise man is a stranger in a hostile universe, and can but make the best of ' a short day of frost and sun ' before all goes down. Still more is this true with the worship of beauty. That is the ultimate meaning of all the markings, whether stone or paint, or

sound or words. What makes it worth while, or, rather, what does this ineradicable instinct of the artist imply? Beauty, as has been well said, is the form of Love, and the meaning of æsthetic activity is faith in Eternal Love, that 'light whose smile kindles the universe, that benediction in which all things move.' Many may be content with the fact who do not seek for the cause, and repudiate, indeed, the further reference.

Still, it is there. A civilisation cut off wholly from God would be a civilisation without the highest kind of culture, whether æsthetic or intellectual. It would have no motive beyond fear, immediate pleasure, and the desire to ward off the terrors of pain or death to pursue these ends. If indeed there be eternal life, and man can share it, then indeed the goods of sight and imagination, the treasures of thought, and all the ardours of spiritual adventure are the outward and visible signs of that inward and invisible grace which we term the glory of God.

Further, for these things to be held to the full there must be peace in the soul. Not a peace necessarily of body or outward things, or a life without trouble or sacrifice. Even in art it is true that men must die to live. You cannot keep the cross out of any form of human life. This is admitted by all the greatest poets, even where they are not Christian. The true

artist is like the man in Daudet's tale with the head of gold, who had the means of making richer any one he cared for, but it was only by the costly sacrifice of a part of himself. At the base of all this must be a sense of peace, of resting on a sure foundation, of being at home with all things, and this can only be to those who have the peace of God.

Lastly, we must bear in mind that, if Christianity be the source of culture, it is because of its belief in Eternal Love, and in human society as a fellowship. All culture requires a social atmosphere. The notion that we can be purely individualistic is false in fact. Some intellectuals are for denying the social elements in culture, and claiming that every one can be for himself alone. I am glad that most who think that deny the Christian Faith, but if our faith be in the fellowship of the redeemed, in the human family as heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ, then we must beware of making anything exclusive. The great need of our hideous industrial cities is not more money, but a higher life for all ; not better houses, but better communal buildings ; a first-rate theatre for every city, with a municipal orchestra ; for more universities, not only for the few but for all. This is not only a just claim, but it is eminently Christian. The great evil of the culture which came in with the Renaissance, and sheltered in

the courts of princes, and flowered in educated Europe in the eighteenth century, was that it was exclusive. The writings of Gibbon or Montesquieu or Goethe, or, in a lesser scale, of Horace Walpole or Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, are evidence of this. We Catholic Christians, as I contend, and no one else, are the true 'Argonauts of the ideal'; but we cannot be that, as Christians, if we are clinging to a class culture, the treasure of an expensive education, lifting us above our common fellowship, for that exclusive spirit, alas! is too often the result of education—a culture purely selfish. The Church, I am persuaded, has a greater and more glorious opportunity than she has ever had in the past, but she must not be a class Church, either in fact or name. She must be ready to see the value of the principle of fellowship, as something truly Christian, and not to gather up her skirts because some people are different in their ways and speech. Ethically considered, the most thoroughgoing Christian movement of the last century was the Trade Union movement, which expressed the principle of brotherhood. Yet many people disapproved. How needful it was is shown by the facts detailed by Mr. and Mrs. Hammond in their book on *The Town Labourer*, and it cannot be said that the Church did much to understand or welcome it, though we must not forget the labours, in a cause despised by all the

intellectuals of that day, of the great Lord Shaftesbury. It has been well said that, horrible as the state of things was in the factories as regards child labour a hundred years ago, probably in a hundred years to come we shall be equally aghast at the wastage of child life today in blind-alley occupations and bad housing. We ought to be the people most alive to it, but is our conscience alive? If it is not, I do not know whether we shall have a great Church very long with a live and wholesome life of really human interests.

Still, there are many signs of hope, and there are more people whose consciences are awakened. Let us, then, pursue all these things which go by the name of culture. Let us repudiate the charge that we are afraid of thought, but let us above all bear in mind that the Christian life is the fellowship of brotherhood, that we are determined to do all we can to make these things common. 'Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report: if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.'

OUR CATHOLIC INHERITANCE

I. THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN ENGLAND

'I have a goodly heritage.'—Psalm xvi. 6.

HAVE I? That is the question which many English Churchmen ask themselves. What is the worth of our so-called Catholic heritage in the English Church? That is the topic which we shall consider together these five Sundays. Many people just now are inclined to doubt either the reality, or else the value of this heritage. Such doubts are natural, but I think that they are not well founded. Nor must we over-rate their importance. The English branch of the Church of God is one of our most characteristic institutions, and we know that it is always an Englishman's privilege to grumble. That privilege has been exercised to the full by English Church people, lay and clerical, male and female. From the days of John Henry Newman onwards many have been found to echo the scorn of the *Apologia* at the comfortable Church; some, too, will feel the justice of those pathetic words in the last sermon at Littlemore: 'O my mother,

whence is this unto thee, that thou hast good things poured upon thee and canst not keep them, and bearest children yet darest not own them? Why hast thou not the skill to use their services, nor the heart to rejoice in their love? How is it that whatever is generous in purpose, and tender or deep in devotion, thy flower and thy promise, falls from thy bosom and finds no home within thine arms? Who hath put this note upon thee to have a "miscarrying womb and dry breasts," to be strange to thine own flesh and thine eye cruel towards thy little ones? Thine own offspring, the fruit of thy womb, who love thee and would toil for thee, thou dost gaze upon with fear as though a portent, or thou dost loathe as an offence;—at best thou dost but endure, as if they had no claim but on thy patience, self-possession, and vigilance, to be rid of them as easily as thou mayest. Thou makest them 'stand all the day idle,' as the very condition of thy bearing with them; or thou biddest them be gone where they will be more welcome; or thou sellest them for nought to the stranger that passes by. And what wilt thou do in the end thereof?' [1]

Such complaints have much to be said for them. The faults of our Church are 'gross as a mountain, open, palpable.' But they are the defects of her qualities, and if we dwell only on the dark

[1] Newman, *Sermons on Subjects of the Day*, No. XXVI., pp. 407-8.

side we shall form a wrong picture of the whole. Always there is a tendency to see the ill in any society in which we are living. In bidding you be thankful for the great privileges of an English Catholic I must not be understood to echo that self-complacent optimism once so fashionable, and even now not unknown. Quite in the manner of the eighteenth century, some people treat the Church as a part of the British Constitution, alongside of the lion and unicorn. Still connected with our present happy establishment in Church and State, it recalls the defeat of the Armada and Guy Fawkes' Day, and the victories of the great Marlborough, and other like joyous colourings of history. These people are not so buoyant as of old. They have begun to doubt the truth of their dream, and the Church is very obviously not the nation, nor is it likely to become so.

The Toleration Act it is, and not any bigotry of High and Low, which has made the Church a small society, relatively. True, every baptized person is a member of the Church Catholic, and what is the precise relation of those baptized who prefer other associations no one has yet determined. Yet even so, the Church can no longer be said to be the Nation. That is the first fact that we must face. The Church of England may still be established, but it is only one religious society among many others. It

might be very nice to live in the seventeenth century, but we do not. All views of the Church and its relations to the State or to politics, or to other bodies, which assume that the Church is coextensive with the nation, are erroneous, and if we try to act on them disaster will result.

Still we, the minority who cling to our membership in the historic Church of the country, are not wrong in viewing with pride its long connection with the English State, and with the most striking events in English history. We do right when we are proud of our Archbishop being the successor of Stephen Langton no less than of Laud, of Becket as well as Parker. This historical sentiment is wholesome; but I am not sure whether it greatly appeals to the younger generation.

The proudest title in our Church is that of Catholic. Right as we are in disapproval of those who scorn her English character, still it is the Catholic, universal quality which is the greatest. We are loyal to the Church of the land as the representative of the whole body, and one element in the great Society: she is no absolutely separate entity. We cannot understand her hierarchy, her Liturgy, her Creeds, even her outward embodiments, apart from that great body; even her Prayer-Book is not the separate, unique production some imagine it.

Nor, again, is her origin independent. Some

years ago Bishop Lightfoot tried to derive the English Church from Celtic Christianity. He did not succeed. Dr. Collins proved that, great as is our debt to St. Columba and St. Chad, it is still to Pope Gregory and St. Augustine, to Wilfrid and to Theodore of Tarsus that we owe our Church and its organisation. Let us be frank in this admission. Even those parts evangelised by Celtic missionaries soon lost their peculiar quality. Nor need we regret this. Neither for English Christianity nor for English culture would it have been aught but a calamity if she had grown up in isolation from Europe. Yet has she not grown to that condition? Almost: a couple of centuries ago it seemed as though the tightening of all national bonds had led to a completely insular Church. But with the nineteenth century that appearance (it was never more) had ceased, though still we need to guard ourselves against that pert and provincial spirit which sees in the English Church the word English and nothing else; and, whatever her continuity with the past, would shut off our national Christianity in a bombproof shelter, where no foreign fliers could touch her. Some people talk of our not being a Church, but the 'two Provinces of York and Canterbury.' Such a phrase has its truth, provided it be not held to mean any obligation of allegiance to the autocrat at Rome. Its use does serve to explain

the relation of the Church to Christendom. (Not indeed that the phrase 'Church of England' is new. That *Ecclesia Anglicana libera sit* is the first provision of Magna Charta.) Mr. Lacey, in his admirable little volume on Catholicity, tells us that we must repent of Anglicanism no less than of Romanism. That is true, if he means by it that self-righteous spirit which seems to think the English character is the one among all the nations of the world which needs no redemption.

What is it but her inherent Catholicity which makes it always impossible to treat the English Church as a purely Protestant institution? The experiment has been tried, and tried more than once; but it has never succeeded. The Protestant elements in the Church, which assuredly are there, from time to time try to make out that they are its whole essence; and then the Catholic elements uprise and reassert their claim. This is a far better way of arguing the Catholic reality of the Church than the argument of continuity. When that is used, what is proved is usually only legal and historical continuity, not spiritual. Moreover, even though a society were continuous with a mediæval Church, it might have shed irrevocably all the characteristic elements. Too much stress laid on the continuity argument has another danger; it may foster the spirit of antiquarianism—no bad thing, but not what

people want mainly in religion. Neither legal continuity, nor national sentiment, nor ecclesiastical antiquarianism—interesting as are all these—is our real claim to thankfulness; but the sense that the Church has the power of an endless life, that she gathers up all the ages, and that she is the Church of the future, because she is the Church of the past, that she is rather a living spirit than a dead tradition. It is such a Church as this, with its worshipping people, which is the best evidence of the Catholic and universal character of the Church. It is for you —for it is the work of the laity far more than the clergy—to show by your lives the transforming power of the Catholic religion, and by a devotion removed from all pettiness to display its grace to beautify the most common of daily duties.

II. OUR DEBT TO ROME

'Look unto the rock whence ye are hewn.'—Isaiah li. 1.

LAST week we began to speak of our Catholic heritage in the English Church. We saw that it is the greatest treasure which we possess. We spoke of the danger of becoming what Father Tyrrell called 'pert and provincial' in our Churchmanship, and the evil of confining the development of the Church to any single epoch. That is the cardinal objection to the purely Protestant theory of the Church. It makes it too much a thing of one time. Some upheaval was needed if Christianity was to survive after the Renaissance. No trained historical judgment can deny the abuses which stifled Church life in the later Middle Ages. No judge of men will question that the mighty influence which swept the abuses away, and much else with them, was predominantly religious, although many other things added to its force. One age isolated the Reformation, and apotheosised that most human of all religious leaders, aptly described by Robert Browning as 'grand, rough, old Martin Luther.' That exaggeration is no excuse for our going to the opposite extreme and treating the whole

series of movements as one vast mistake. As a very good Catholic said once to me, 'Salvation by faith was a needful substitute for salvation by dodges.'

Yet the claim in some quarters to treat the Church as a manufacture of the sixteenth century alone is outrageous. If we reject this claim —and I suppose that all of us here do reject it— then we are faced with the problem of Rome. 'If the Catholic life of all the ages means to you as much as you say that it means, why cut yourself off from the greatest embodiment? You are Western, and your obvious duty is submission to the ruler of all the West.' Some such doubt must be faced by all who hold to the Catholic ideal. It is not merely Protestants on the one hand, or Papists on the other, who will put these questions. It is their own minds. These questionings arise naturally from present conditions. It is not honest to speak of those who go to Rome (and still less of those who feel Roman difficulties) as though they were driven only by some strange spirit of perversity. We cannot claim the title of Catholics without asking ourselves why that does not mean Roman Catholics. If we are not going to be Papists, we must have some grounds. Moreover, we shall probably feel that many of the grounds alleged in previous ages are invalid. We must face the problem for ourselves.

To-day, however, I want to make the ground clear by speaking a little more of our debt to Rome. Last Sunday I stated the fact that to Rome is due the Christianisation of the English. Even the ecclesiastical divisions were framed on the lines of the Roman Province of Britain, and when the Primate of England meets the Primate of All England he testifies to the living power of an Empire which seems long since to have ended. If we owe our Christianity to the Papacy, so also we owe our ecclesiastical development. No doubt existed in the later Middle Ages about the relation of the English Church to the Roman See. These bonds had been tightened by St. Dunstan, and again by Lanfranc. The thirteenth century witnessed the most complete subjection of the English Church to the Pope. Yet all through there was no real question about it. This needs to be mentioned, owing to a common error. Somewhere in the Victorian era High Churchmen thought that they could do their cause service by proving that the English Church was, in the Middle Ages, an independent society. This well-meaning dream is not history. True, the English kings disliked the temporal interference of the Pope. Patrons resented his claim to 'provide' to benefices. The whole people wished ill to his tax-gatherers. Incumbents liked to be let alone. So they do now. Parliament could pass Acts

like Provisors and Præmunire in order to restrain Papal interference, and proclaim in high-sounding phrases that 'this Crown of England hath been at all times so free that it hath been in no earthly subjection in all things touching the regality of the said Crown.' This is true. But the corollary which some might think would follow did not follow. Neither king, nor nobles, nor people rejected the spiritual rule of the Papacy. No one claimed a special law for the English Church. Whenever the Government allowed the Courts Christian to do their work, they did it on the lines followed throughout Western Europe. So far from England's attitude to the Pope being merely honorific, she was more submissive than the Gallican Church, and less of a separate entity. Dr. Maitland's classical book on this subject has established this point. Some few qualifications may have to be made, and Mr. Ogle showed that Lyndewood was something better than the 'stark Papalist' Maitland styled him. In the main it is true to say that those who have attempted to prove an independent entity for the English Church in the Middle Ages have failed.

Nor, again, need we regret the fact that we were ruled for so long by Rome. In a valuable series of lectures on *Church and State in the Middle Ages*, Mr. A. L. Smith has shown that at least up to the middle of the thirteenth century

the influence of the Papacy was, on the whole, a good one ; that a strong international institution was the only possible check on unbridled tyranny either of sovereigns or feudal lords ; and that in their religious life the barbarian races were far too crude to develop without tutelage. In many matters, such as the marriage laws, he shows the unfairness with which the Papacy has been treated, and he proves conclusively that neither for people nor priests would an independent position have led to a deeper religious life and morality, but rather to a very sensible lowering of both. We therefore need not be ashamed to admit our debt to Rome, whether in regard to the origin and the development of the English Church, nor need we deny that it was a good thing.

That, however, some would say, is all over. Since the sixteenth century, which rid us of the 'Bishop of Rome and all his detestable enormities,' we have no further relations with the See of Rome, and we are not concerned to take any lessons from this great obscurantist Church. Such a water-tight compartment doctrine of the Christian Society is, however, untrue to the facts of life. Spiritual connections are deeper and more subtle than material, and we cannot, if we would, escape the influence of this vast association any more than in certain other matters we can or do escape Lutheran and Calvinist influence.

More than this, if the effort were feasible it would still be undesirable. For the most venerable See in the West, and the most illustrious in the world, are we to have no feeling of respect? Is our relation—for a relation there must be—to be merely negative? We English, who pride ourselves beyond all the nations of the earth on our reverence for tradition, and for the slow-moving spirit of the ages; we who are impatient of novelties and despise the mere jerry-built structures of the moment; who seek the origins of our national institutions in the most immemorial monuments of the past—are we to be such unworthy children of our ancestors, who covered this country with those abbeys and cathedrals which are still its chief glory, that we shall copy every little vulgar upstart and deny the fact of our affiliation? I trow not. English Churchmen need not be ashamed to acknowledge what is mere fact—that the Bishop of Rome is the occupant of the one Apostolic See in the West; that we are Western, and that once certain obstacles were removed we should be glad to accord to the Primatial See of Christendom its primatial dignity. What prospect within the next five centuries there is of a truly Œcumenical Council, who shall say? But should there ever be one I do not think we are concerned to repudiate the claim of the Pope to act as its natural President. All this is very

far from admitting such claims as those of 'universal Bishop' or 'infallible autocrat.' That, which is our real difference, will form our topic next week.

Short of this there are many things in which we can learn from Rome. Into the battle of the styles in ritual I shall not enter. This much may be said—it is no argument against adopting some usage that it has been commended on the score of convenience or devotion, and has been 'mixed with life' in the last couple of centuries. The supreme quality of Rome is her supernatural and her democratic character. No one, not even her bitterest enemies, denies that the Roman system is the great witness to the supernatural. No one, again, who believes in the Sacramental idea would deny that it is a main feature of the Roman system. Personally, I do not like the Latin clearness of cut, its hard-and-fast distinctions, its pigeon-hole use of words, its extreme articulateness and machine-like logic. But I cannot doubt that for many this is the most adequate, indeed the only possible method of apprehension of the supernatural in life, and it were better to accept the whole cycle of Latin thought and cult than to give up that, supposing the choice had to be made. I do not believe that it has. But this supernatural atmosphere, this intimacy with the other world, this natural habit of talking to God and the Saints, this per-

petual expression of the prayer idea—can we say that we have them in any like degree ?

Then, lastly, Rome is a Church where all are at home. Nobody thinks of the Roman Church in the way many people, I fear, think of the English Church in this country. These people may be wrong, but they think of us as the Church of the prosperous, a middle-class institution, not upper class as some do vainly boast, but an appanage of the prosperous, which goes along with banks and co-operative stores, and week-end tickets. Now, unless I am mistaken, this is not the case with Rome. The rich are there, and we may think a little over-advertised, but the poor are there too, and as a matter of right and not of favour. You can see the difference at once if you spend a holiday in Italy and go, say, to St. Mark's, Venice, and then return to an English Cathedral Close. Then, again, have we nothing to learn from the flame of sacrifice which burns so brightly in their temple ? I do not deny the magnificent offerings of life which English priests, both at home and in the mission field, have poured out. But what are they—what is our tiny stream of martyrs—as compared with the mighty river on the other side ?

III. OUR DIFFERENCE FROM ROME

'Not as lords over God's heritage, but as ensamples to the flock.'—1 Peter v. 3.

THERE is the true ideal of Episcopal authority. To-day we are giving the sinister side of the Roman emblem. We have seen the error of treating the English part of the Universal Church as a thing in itself entirely separate. We have seen our duty of reverent regard for what came to us through Rome, and the danger of a purely negative attitude even to its modern representative. If, then, we are not prepared to go further, and to admit the modern claim of the Papacy, we must perforce ask ourselves why? Our reply to this rests primarily on the false conception of authority inculcated by Rome; and secondly, it rests partly upon history and partly upon the present condition of the Churches of God in the East.

The discussion of Roman claims is best carried on apart from the somewhat intricate subtleties involved in the Vatican Decrees. Infallibility in the famous definition need not mean very much, as you can see if you read Newman's famous letter to the Duke of Norfolk. I have

read a book by a modern Romanist claiming that only two documents in the history of the Church come under the head of that decree—one, the tome of St. Leo the Great, and the other the decree of Pius IX. establishing the Immaculate Conception. One word in the Vatican decree alone is really important—'irreformable.' It says that the decrees of the Popes are 'irreformable.' If the Pope be endowed with that infallibility which Christ gave to the Church, the question arises, What kind of infallibility did Christ give to the Church? Is it a power of uttering verbally exact propositions, always adequate to Divine realities—like the old theory of inspiration, in which case the Pope would be a sort of super-gramophone—or is the power rather of the nature described by the writers of the seventeenth century, and by Bossuet, as 'indefectibility,' an assurance that the Christian Society is living by the power of the Holy Spirit, and will never so far go wrong as to make separation a duty. If we could bring our adversaries to understand no more than this by 'infallibility,' union would be nearer. I fear that it will be long ere that end is reached, for they have chosen to confuse infallibility with authority. Theoretically it might be possible to maintain the doctrine that the Pope is infallible while separating this from the Ultramontane mode of its exercise. I do not say that

it would so be possible, but I am not altogether certain that it would not. What is important for our purpose is that as a fact these two, Infallibilism and Ultramontanism, are not so dissociated. The claim to infallibility is merely the culmination of the long series of events which have produced the triumph of a complete autocracy within the Latin Obedience. The claim for the Pope to act alone, to act apart from a Council, comes before us as part of his general assertion of absolute power by Divine right, and this sheer autocracy it is which we repudiate, and say that, short of a revolution, we could not be brought to accept the Roman claims. Whether any other matters, such as the doctrine of the Eucharist or the Immaculate Conception, or various extravagances in popular devotion or practical abuses, would be sufficient, apart from this, to justify our separation, I do not know. Perhaps they would not.

The real head and front of the Papal offending is, in our eyes, this claim to an absolute monarchy within the Church upon earth. This seems practically to deny the Headship of Christ, and unduly to divide the Church militant from the Church triumphant. As it was humorously said by the late H. D. Traill : ' The Pope seems to claim to be the Vicar of Christ in the sense that a man is said to be the vicar of his curate.' This seems to us to be contrary to the very idea of

Christianity, for that asserts the spiritual freedom of every baptized Christian, and that freedom must affect every part of his being, intellect no less than conscience. It gives him, therefore, some share, however small, in that authority which belongs to the whole body, and is not vested in any official, or in any class of officials, to the exclusion of all others. I would say that even so devoted a Papist as John Henry Newman has taught us much about the true nature of authority. In an article entitled 'On Consulting the Laity in Matters of Faith,' which was printed in the *Rambler*, was not liked at Rome, and was not reprinted until lately, Newman explains how it was to the laity, and not either to the Popes or the Bishops, that the preservation of the reality of faith in Christ's Godhead was due during the storms of the fourth century—the time when, as somebody said, that at one moment the whole world woke up to find itself Arian. All that we know about human life and society combines with all that we have been given in the Christian revelation to drive us to a passionate and resolved repudiation of the Ultramontane monstrosity, rightly styled by the great Puritan allegorist 'Giant Pope.'

The late Pius X.'s Encyclical on Modernism was not altogether wrong in its account of the dangers of that movement. This fact has been proved by the later career and writings of M.

Loisy. But where the Pope was wrong was in the denial of any real place in the development of the Church to the laity. They are merely the basins into which you are to pour the truth. They were, in fact, reduced to that condition ascribed to the people by Bishop Horsley: 'The people have nothing to do with the laws except to obey them'; or put with naked brutality by Mr. Talbot: 'What is the function of the laity? To hunt, to shoot, to entertain'—a strange notion of the office of our Lord, because a layman as such is a member of the Church. After this gathering of the forces of the Church into a special caste—the clergy—the Pope may seem to have provided himself with a firm basis for support in the universal love of domination. Unluckily he does not stop there. The clergy themselves are under orders. The whole teaching power is claimed to reside in the Episcopate. The clergy are reduced to the rank of non-commissioned officers. Finally, even Episcopal authority is rejected in the interests of absolutism. The Pope can say triumphantly: '*L'Église c'est moi*,' for he becomes its one essential element, and his flatterers can develop doctrines about the Real Presence within him as being on a par with that of Christ in the Eucharist, a position condemned, if by nothing else, by its vulgarity—like some other things in Rome. This may not be said by many

people. What is clear, however, is that in the Pope all jurisdiction centres ; from him every kind of life in the Church, except its purely Sacramental life, is held to derive. This system we reject, for it is false to all our ideas of what Society by its very nature must be. Also it is false to the Christian idea of God ; it gives one a purely oracular conception of authority. Nothing is left to the reason and conscience of the individual, and no kind of reality is allowed to those innumerable social units, parochial, diocesan, provincial, national guilds, and so forth which make up the life of the Church. In my judgment, this kind of authority cannot be ascribed even to God Himself ; for by the Incarnation He has shown that there must be chords in us to respond, or else the music of the spheres will have no meaning. The truth is that the conception of the Church as a society has really vanished before the Ultramontane horror. Papalism is, as Tyrrell said—I think it was Tyrrell or Loisy—only an extreme form of individualism ; so that in the last resort the extremes meet. Luther and Ignatius have met together, and sheer anarchism is seen to be identical with the apotheosis of Imperial tyranny.

For it is imperialism, and it is tyranny. The Papalist theory is not a gift of revealed truth ; it is the pillage of the Roman law-books, for the Church became the residuary legatee of the

antique Empire, and imbibed its conceptions of the nature of civil authority—absolutism at one end and a mass of unrelated individuals at the other. Certain it is that some of the most famous texts from the Roman law-books can be applied straight away to the Pope and the authority of the Papacy. This is precisely the same error as that of the Prussian theory of the State, with this one exception: the Roman Church, whatever its faults, is incurably Christian, and has never denied the profound truth of human individuality resting on the immortal worth of every soul. Consequently it does not fall into some of those immoralist excesses which attach to that doctrine of the State, which looks solely to this world and treats the individual as having no worth except as a cog in the gigantic machine. The individual, so far as his own life goes, is always something more than merely a means, although whether this is justifiable to the Roman theory is not so certain. That theory makes the Church exist for the sake of the Pope, and confuses infallibility with authority. The weight of authority rightly understood is presumptive, however great. Infallibility assumes an absoluteness which denies all reality to the heart and conscience. The real vice of the Roman system need not be sought in any doctrinal or dogmatic study. It can be found in writers like Augustinus

Triumphus in the fourteenth century, and is expressed succinctly in the words of Pope Boniface VIII. claiming to have all law locked within his own breast.

But it may be said that no analogies from human society are arguments. The Church is not a human, it is a Divine institution. Christ surely exercised, and He did institute, an authority coming from above. No question in my mind exists that there is an element of what we may call aboveness, an outsideness in authority, only it is not the whole of it. But the Petrine texts, it is said, are a proof that He gave this power to St. Peter, and therefore to his successors. Are they a proof ? Read the texts over for yourself, and see whether that explanation would naturally occur. I think that no one would have been more astounded than St. Peter if he could have been present at the Vatican Council, or even at Lyons in 1245, to find that the text 'Feed My Sheep' was held to mean the right to treat kings as his executive officers, to depose them for non-compliance, and to substitute himself for every other form of teaching authority for everybody within the Church, so as to destroy all meaning of the social apprehension of truth. And not only would Peter have been surprised ; so would many of his successors. Do you suppose that Popes Zosimus and Vigilius, Liberius or Honorius believed in this power, still more

those who accused them of teaching heresy? And remember that though Papalists have tried to explain these errors, the defects may have been apologised for, but they have never been explained on the Papal theory. Take the Renaissance Popes; however strongly they believed in their power, they would have laughed at you. That *beau-idéal* of Churchmanship, Pope Alexander VI., or the genial and highly-educated epicurean Leo X., or that charming and most delightfully unscrupulous of men Pius II., or the eloquent and learned Nicholas V.—how they would be disgusted at the Jesuit-scented atmosphere of the modern *Curia*! It may not disprove the doctrine, but it cannot be held to recommend it to those of us who are without, that for many centuries the Popes themselves were unaware of this infallible power; that the Church without hesitation might accuse some of heresy; and that, though they set forth great claims to govern, they had nowhere reached a point of claiming complete inerrancy. But there is far more than this. By the latter part of the Middle Ages they had developed a very long way in the direction of absolutism, but this development was not unchallenged. A great Council, whose decisions were afterwards approved by a Pope, definitely asserted the authority of the Council over the Pope; it deposed three Popes, and denied the extra-con-

ciliar autocracy now claimed. When certain Papalists in our branch of the Church, ignorant of history, and glorying in a pharisaic legalism, are trying to stab the Church of England in the back, and bidding us bow down before this image of mere power, forgetting all abuses and the tyranny in the past and the present, I could wish that they might be forced to study some of the original writings of those great men Zabarella and d'Ailly, and the greatest of all, Nicholas of Cusa. Cardinals all, they had no illusions. They lived too near to the Pope to think that an unrelieved autocracy would be safe in his hands. They were well known to our Caroline divines. Ignorance of history and of the whole historical habit of mind is the evil with those in our Church who are inclined to move towards the theory of Papalism.

Finally, there are the Eastern Churches. No Papalist can get over the fact that the autocratic claims of the Pope never have been, and never will be, admitted in the East; that this usurpation is the real ground of division between the East and the West; that when in the fourteenth century peace was patched up—or at least seemed to have been—at the Council of Florence, the real authority in the Church—the general consent and obedience of the faithful—rejected it at once in the East. They repudiated alike the Pope, the Eastern Emperor,

and their own Patriarch. They would have nothing to do with submission. Further, I am told that they have developed a definite theory of the Church which does justice, first, to its real authority; secondly, to the diffusive consent of the faithful as its power; and thirdly, to the inherent rights of smaller groups within the whole. But I must say that I have not read the authors of that. We are standing up in England not only for individual freedom so much as for the reality of the group-life within the Church, for a conception of the religious society which is organic and federalised, as against one which is merely unitary and absolutist. This relative independence—never absolute independence—of parish, of diocese, of province, of local union, this organic and federalist conception of the whole, is at one with the facts of life in society of all kinds. We must remember that society does not cease to be society because it calls itself the Church, and that certain truths about society rise out of the nature of things. You may deny that nature of things, and try living for a while as though it did not exist; but it is there, and ultimately you will come to confusion if you ignore it. The admission of this life may result in some confusion. It does not give us the clear-cut logical system of Rome; but it has the realism, the variety, the richness, the infinite powers of growth and adaptability of life itself.

Last week I said that supposing that the sole guaranty of the supernatural religion were to be found in submission to the Roman claims, rather than give up that supernatural faith I would submit to all those claims, for at bottom they are concerned with a matter of government. This I would do. To-day I must add that, once I were assured of that supernatural faith I would prefer the religion of the wildest and the most eccentric sectary, even though it came to me devoid of any historical sentiment, of all intellectual interest, and of every kind of æsthetic charm, offending the taste at every moment. I would rather accept such extreme sectarianism than I would give in to that notion which is at the bottom of all Ultramontanism, destructive as I believe it ultimately to be of the true social and organic conception of the Church, dangerous to the individual conscience which it supersedes, ultimately productive of widespread infidelity, and opposed alike to the teachings of experience and the whole method and spirit of our Lord Jesus Christ.

IV. ANGLICAN COMPREHENSIVENESS

'Diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit: diversities of operations, but the same Lord.'—1 Cor. xii. 4 and 6.

So far we have been considering what the Church of England is not. It is not a self-subsistent entity, but can be understood only as part of a larger whole—the Universal Church of Christ. It is not historically independent of Rome, and owes much to the Papacy. Yet it is not Roman in the distinctive modern sense, for it denies the autocratic claims of the *Curia*, and is opposed to the Ultramontane conception of Church life. Let us to-day consider some of the specially distinctive characteristics of our part of the Church.

The first fact which strikes the observer who compares the English with the Roman, or, I suppose, the Eastern Churches, is the great variety of type which exists within her. True, in all English churches Matins and Evensong will be said or sung on a Sunday, and the clergyman will wear a surplice, and there will be a sermon at least once, and those of you who know the seventeenth century know how hard it was even for this minimum to be enforced.

Apart from that, no one who does not know the particular church beforehand can tell you what is going to happen. Take any diocese, any county, any large city, what do you find? Some of the churches will have the Holy Eucharist once a month; some will have it on Sunday evenings; some will have it daily; some will have congregations instructed to receive fasting; some churches will use the vestments; some the surplice and stole; some will wear a hood for the celebration; some will perform it with as little outside help as possible; some will celebrate it with every accessory of beauty and ceremonial. Or, again, in one church you will see confessional boxes; in another the people will be told that private confession is a soul-destroying practice. In one church you will hear sermons preached which might be taken from the *Penny Catechism*, and a great deal said perhaps in honour of Our Lady and about the Invocation of the Saints. In another you will hear, not now and then, but week in and week out, appeals which savour of the Methodist Revival. Yet a third will give doctrine which, as Mark Pattison said, defecates the idea of God to a pure transparency. So also in the books written by English official clergymen, priests and bishops alike, differences can be found. Except reverence for our Lord as a Teacher sent from God—at least so much—and

the belief in a general morality of love (and these things are not nothing, as we are learning just now), there is hardly any doctrine that you hear in one church which you may not hear denied in another, and all of them Church of England.

All this raises a real difficulty. How, says the Roman controversialist, or how, say many of us to ourselves, can we be certain of anything at all if we remain in this City of Confusion ? Is it not an outrage to talk of the ' mind of the Church of England ' if such differences, whether approved or not, can openly be proclaimed ? This difficulty cannot be ignored. We must get over it. This state of things exists, and does not look as if it would cease. Ever since the seventeenth century three parties in the Church have been active. Sometimes one, sometimes another, has been officially predominant. None, however, has been strong enough to drive out its adversaries, or even to coerce them, although this has been tried. Any defence of the Church of England must somehow meet this problem and excuse, if it cannot altogether justify, this apparent disorder.

First of all let us remember that extremes at either end of any society do not prove that there is no normal, no general type. Rather are they evidence of its existence. That is true of all types—the average Englishman, the Public

School type, the normal man of the world, the normal professional man, and so forth. Each type presents certain marked characteristics. That does not mean that every one, every member of these classes, has all of the characteristics, nor does it exclude the freak, the person who, though he belongs to a class, possesses none of its typical qualities. So with the Church of England. It may have a mind, a general view, a common way of life ; but that does not prevent there being many people on the fringe. This is shown nowhere in entirety, but more or less perfectly in many places and people. There may be a few freak churches which suggest either Rome or Methodism. Short of coercion, such exceptions cannot be prevented, but there may be a very general type for all that, and it may be conformed to a very real authority. Authority in the theoretical sphere does not involve infallibility. It need not. It means a presumption in favour of tradition or official exponents, or general opinion as against mere individual insight. In the same way in the executive sphere authority does not mean merely military authority enforced by the sword. It may be perfectly real, although no one can be turned off who does not obey it. What is the authority, for instance, which makes most men wear two buttons at the back of a tail-coat ? No one can compel them to do so ; even if the

tailor puts them on, you can cut them off, and it makes no important difference to your coat. Here is a very real authority. Most of the authorities which have made us are of that sort. At this moment the papers are discussing something about changes in women's fashions, and some people write to the papers and say it will be impossible for them to stand up against it. What is the authority? Nothing in the nature of coercion. A study of the distinctive English divines from Hooker through Laud down to Westcott and Liddon, will not show them always in agreement, but it may very likely give a fair general notion of the Church of England outlook. We cannot say that there is no specially distinctive *ethos* of the Church, because some people have it only in very slight degree.

However, it is not the sameness; it is the differences that we are speaking of to-day. How can you justify, or even tolerate, such deep and fundamental differences, not merely among laymen, but among the official teachers? The common answer has been found in the phrase 'glorious comprehensiveness,' but this reply is felt by many to be unsatisfactory. Let us try to see what it means. Are there any facts, permanent facts, to justify it? If there are we need not trouble, even though the principle be carried further than we like in certain cases. Do the differences which all admit in our Church

correspond to anything permanent in human nature? For instance, in politics the two-party system may have its evils. In times of many complex and conflicting problems that system is difficult and misleading, for they cannot all be settled on the same principles, and people are only held to their own party by organisation; consequently it is denounced as artificial and hypocritical. There is no reason why a person in favour of or opposed to Home Rule for Ireland should be in favour of or opposed to Disestablishment for Wales, and so forth. Consequently the party system is unreal. Yet it maintains itself because in human nature, so far as politics are concerned, there are, broadly speaking, two kinds of temperament. First, the temperament of the person who likes change, who thinks that things are so bad that any change is better than going on as they are, who is prepared to take risks in the hope of a real improvement, or who desires change simply for the sake of shuffling the cards. Secondly, on the other hand, there is the other kind of temperament which dislikes change—the purely conservative, who is happy in what exists because it exists, and who does not desire the coal-scuttle ever to stand in a different place from that to which it has been accustomed. Or the highly critical temperament, which does not in the least satisfy itself in existing conditions, but

is timid and critical of every change. It sees objection to every course of action, and so forth. Are there in religious matters any similar fundamental differences? Do these party divisions, once known as High, Low, and Broad, correspond to anything real in human nature? If they do, in some form or other they will subsist, however much you may attempt to secure a rigid uniformity. I think that they do. Always there are temperaments to whom religion appeals most on its institutional, its sacramental side, to whom tradition and ordered cult will be much, and whose conception of Christian life is that of gradual growth. Always, again, there will be those in whom the intellectual or the purely moralising element is the predominant. Lastly, there will be those in whom the personal, the emotional, the mystical is strong, whose sense of the immediate relation of the soul to God is acute, and who worship by prayer with a minimum of outward paraphernalia. Doubtless all these tendencies may be found in every one; and in the same person different tendencies will be directing at different times in his life; yet, in spite of all these cross-currents, broadly speaking, there remain those people in whom one or another of these—the institutional, the intellectualist, and the mystical—is predominant.

That fact is the real ground of our despised comprehensiveness. Possibly it is carried too

far. No one denies that our Church suffers from the defects of her qualities. In the judgment of many of us these temperamental difficulties would be less disagreeable if they were restrained by the outward show of uniformity. But that is all a matter of detail. If these types of mind are genuine and are permanent, can we rightly complain that the Church of England allows for and admits of that difference? To take two instances more especially pertinent here. We will not take the Sacramental type. You and I may be of opinion that the so-called Evangelicals betray a lamentable lack of the corporate sense of religion, and that they are dangerously near to subjective religion in their depreciation of the Sacrament. But can we deny the vast service they performed, not only in the days of Simeon, but even at this moment, by the reality of their personal religion, their vital hold on the Cross of Christ, and their rigid austerity of life? This may not be true of mere Low Churchmen or of many persons who attend Evangelical churches, but you must judge any religious party not by its fringe, not by the people who merely make use of it, but by its type—the people to whom it means most. If that were not the case, we here might be in a bad way. We should be judged as people so often wish to judge us, by the fringe of the *soi-disant* Catholic party, by any dilettante ritualist, or

hide-bound legalist. They would form the criterion by which we should be judged. If we claim that we are to be judged by our best as our most typical, we must allow that claim to others. Personally I believe that, in spite of all our differences, the Evangelical party is so much at one with us in regard to the deeper realities, and is so much concerned with the depths of personal religion that we can well afford to put up with what may seem to us its half-informed criticisms, in return for the rich treasures of prayer and devotion it gives to the Church of England.

So, again, with what used to be called the Broad Church party. Certain cases we may all find, in which not only the dogmas but the very spirit of Christianity seem to be a matter of scorn to the superior person whose intellectualism is always more manifest than his intellect. Yet the Liberals are performing a needed service. They are forcing the Church—and without them it would not be forced—to face the problem which has been raised by modern inquiry and modern thought, and to adapt itself to a new world. For it is a new world. We cannot go on living as though nothing had been discovered of any value since 1400. We must beware of all things of a religion which is merely historical sentiment, whether that sentiment be Mediæval, Caroline, or even Tractarian. We have to face

the world of to-day. We have to show that it is through the Church of God that redemption and fulness of life will come to the modern man or woman, to the growing boy and girl, to the soldier in the trenches and to his officers. This we cannot show unless we are open to every current, and live in the world to-day, while paying every reverence to those that are gone before. We hope for a true mastery of the present and the future, while we must avoid all slavishness to the dead hand of the past, and at the same time must oppose that insolent caprice which supposes that everything is bad because it merely has been, and will do strange and weird things solely because they are new. We are, at least, in this Church, true to the spirit of our forefathers, not only those of long ago, but those who have made this particular Church what it is —true to their spirit, men who carried on their work not in any servile rigidity, but with the power and the potency of life, and with faith in the inexhaustible riches of the Grace of God's Holy Spirit.

V. THE DISTINCTIVE TYPE OF ENGLISH CATHOLICISM

'Things new and old.'—St. Matt. xiii. 52.

SOME of you know the story of Isaac Casaubon, the Genevan scholar, who was favoured first by Henri IV. and afterward by James I. He died in 1614. The mordant Rector of Lincoln, Mark Pattison, related his life once more for the nineteenth century. His book is a work of almost excessive erudition and extreme severity of treatment. No one could accuse the writer of any *penchant* for any ecclesiastical party. By the time he came to write that book his views had gone to the extreme negative position. His book was due to the interest of a scholar in one who was pre-eminent in the age of the giants of scholarship, fit to be named alongside even the great Scaliger. Incidentally, this contribution to the history of classical scholarship shows us what is the best defence or the best justification of our position in the Church of England. Casaubon was by birth a Swiss Calvinist and by profession a student, and taught first at Geneva. Leaving there for France after a short Professor-

ship at Montpellier, he went ultimately to Paris, and enjoyed to some extent the favour of Henri IV. That was the great age of book-lovers, and Europe honoured him. Natural it was that efforts should be made to convert him, and you must remember that this took place after the conversion of Henri IV. himself in the earlier years of his reign. There was a very great effort to bring over by persuasion all the more important Huguenots, for it was known that some features of Protestantism were not pleasing to Casaubon. He did not get on well with his co-religionists, and at times great hopes of his conversion to Rome, or fears of it, were entertained. Every blandishment was displayed, and even a Cardinal so far condescended as to argue with him. (It was the learned Cardinal du Perron.) Protestant alarm was great, and Casaubon had not been conciliatory. Yet all the efforts were unavailing ; his intellectual and historical conscience forbade the change. Later, however, he came to England, and there he saw a very different scene from the Huguenot temples in France. The English Church had not discarded Episcopacy ; she did not make light of tradition ; she did not despise history in the desire for a new creation. So this great scholar found his true resting-place in the English Church, and wrote in this country his exposure of the appalling blunders of the new and much-

belauded Annals of Cardinal Baronius, which was supposed to set history on a basis favourable to the Papacy.

That career of Casaubon is a lesson to all who desire a balanced judgment on the ecclesiastical conflicts of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Casaubon's studies had been leading him to a theoretical position almost identical, when fortune showed him the concrete English Church. That fact—and other similar facts could be mentioned—is part of the ground for the statement of Mandell Creighton that the basis of the Church of England is reverence for sound learning. This does not mean that the Church is purely intellectualist either in its doctrine of religion or life, still less that she has a monopoly of knowledge. No English Churchman would be so foolish as to deny the immense value of the work of students in other Communions, whether Roman or very different from Rome. Even in the last few years we owe to Rome such books as Pastor's *History of the Popes*, Janssen's *History of the German People* ; and the works of Denifle and Grisar on Martin Luther, which have revolutionised the subject ; while of the value of Presbyterian and other Protestant scholarship it is needless to speak. For all that, I think that the great historian bishop was right, and I would that all those troubled with doubts in our Church would read the various lectures

and essays which he put forth on this topic. Her writers in the seventeenth century spoke of her as the 'Protestant Catholic Church.' You will find the phrase in the book of John Nalson, who afterwards became a Nonjuror. They mean that she rejected Papalism, with its offshoots, as in the main a mediæval usurpation, although for the germ of the Papal claims we have to go back further than they thought then.

On the other hand, the Church of England was opposed to that passionate repudiation of the past, that revolutionary conception of the sixteenth-century changes which in their earlier days had distinguished all the Protestant sects. I mean that they all repudiated their connection with the past, as well as they could, and disliked it. Now, I think, they would speak differently. Unlike these, the English Church refused to make any greater breaches than were necessary; and, if some matters of forms of devotion remained for a time obscured, she preserved within herself the means once more of restoring them, as we have seen them restored, and may see more restored openly. All through her history it has been sound learning which has distinguished the Church in this country, and has been her special contribution. This, remember, is a method rather than a quantity. It is the temper of mind, the spirit at once of inquiry and reverence, which makes the scholar

or historian, not the number of odd facts he has managed to accumulate, or even the number of books which he has read or analysed. Now it is this peculiar temper, which to one side seems too conservative, and to another too vague, which is like to be the need of the Church in the present distress. And I think, further, that we may look to our branch of the Church as likely to contribute a very valuable asset to the Church in the future.

First of all there comes the great inrush of modern knowledge. How much of this is knowledge, and how is it to be assimilated to the ancient cult of worship and ideals? No one knows. Some youthful scholar, in love with new things and new theories, may claim that the latest hypothesis is new knowledge—such as that the women who went to the tomb of our Lord were mistaken as to the tomb—and desire that we remodel our Creeds accordingly, and that all our belief be altered. Other pious but old-fashioned divines, reckless of anything later than Alford's Greek Testament, may want to put back the hands of the clock and hold to the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch, or similar things. The one would seem to be the line adopted in such a book as Dr. Latimer Jackson's Hulsean Lectures on the Eschatology of the New Testament; the other is the position of the Roman official world. Here we see the Church

in our branch taking a wiser course. She is not prepared beforehand to condemn the conclusions of scholars, and, even when she dislikes them, uses no machinery to displace them. She is not, as some would claim, desirous to give up her character as an historical religion embedded in the concrete. She will not allow the cry that criticism should be free, which is a civil right, to be confused with a claim to act as an official in a society while denying the statements in its Creeds, which are documents more historical than philosophic. It is with small justice that any one here raises the cry of persecution. To complain that it is a case of religious persecution, which means the infliction of civil penalties for religious opinions, when the only question is whether an individual may minister in a society whose opinions he denies—this would be like complaining if a man were turned out of a Free Trade Club upon becoming a Protectionist.

But, it may be said, that is just what you do not do. People are not turned out. Therefore you have no authority. The Bishops last spring issued a declaration that certain historical statements in the Creed were to be taken literally. Yet it is notorious that those who repudiate such a view are untouched. They are honoured in many Church circles. Where is your authority ?

This complaint comes from the cardinal error of identifying authority with the policeman.

Authority is the pressure of the community upon individuals. One form of its exercise, and only one, is the swift judgment of the sword, but its more usual form is subtler, more penetrating, more enduring, and very much more continuous. This process is less clean-cut than the militarist use, and consequently the number of open dissentients is larger. As I said last week, with our methods in the Church of England there will always be plenty of people on the margin. Such people will no doubt exist in other Churches, even on a militarist plan like that of Rome, but they will have to be more discreet, or they will be silenced. Our method is in the long run more effective, for the mind and the conscience go with it. In England, for instance, it is doubtless easier to express opinions against the war than it would be in Germany—to take a different topic as an illustration. A pro-German in this country is only disliked. Mr. Bernard Shaw can write letters to the papers showing, to his own satisfaction, that this war was the outcome of a Machiavellian plot on the part of Sir Edward Grey. Germany was dragged into violating the integrity of Belgium just before we did so, or were going to do so, in order that we might have a better case. A pro-Englishman in Germany would, I suppose, be shot, if he said anything like as much. Yet can you deny that there is a strong pressure, a general social pressure, in

favour of the war, which is constant and effective to a large extent? You must remember that no absolute authority is entirely effective, for no State has been without its criminal classes. If you mould the Church on this absolute authority you will still have people living within her who do not obey her rules properly.

Or, again, let us take a more germane topic, some ecclesiastical matter. In the eighteenth century, or the greater part of it, the Georgian period, all the official favour was for latitudinarian and Erastian opinions, and people like Bishop Hoadley were typical bishops. Yet they were never able to identify themselves with the Church as a whole. They tried very hard, and I dare say that an outside observer visiting England would have predicted the complete triumph of what was really a Socinian Christianity. But that was defeated by the uprising of the Evangelical movement, and then the Tractarian. Or, again, in the Victorian period up to about 1880, all the official favour was against the Tractarians and their successors of the next generation. Yet they have won a position from which it will not be possible to dislodge them. The question is now, not whether they have a place, but how much place others have within the borders of the Church. So will it be with the movement for critical and historical developments. These are the con-

tribution of scholars to the life of the Church. They are not separate from it.

The Dean of Christ Church, in an admirable pamphlet, has pointed out that religion is made up of many elements other than the purely intellectual, and that the deep instinct of the community as a whole is a safeguard against the eccentricities of mere cleverness, and that we must beware of offending that instinct. But at the same time scholarship, modern knowledge, is making great changes in the whole outlook of people, and it will be for the Church of the future to assimilate these changes, to sift them, and to take up into herself that which is permanently valuable. That process of sifting is going on, and has been going on for thirty or forty years. It is not complete ; nobody knows exactly what will be the final judgment on many matters, but can it not be said that our Communion offers the best chance of that wise judgment being at once Christian and well-grounded ?

Take another favourite topic of our time—Reunion. The Papal condemnation of Anglican Orders showed how vain it was to expect that Rome was ripe for anything but unconditional submission on our part. If you read Mr. Lacey's *Diary* you will see that he rather regrets that he took part in that movement. But the desire for reunion on all sides is a most significant fact. It seems to me that the days when people could

glorify schism as such has come to an end. The desire for Reunion is very remarkable in our Church. The desire in many of the Nonconformist Churches is perhaps more remarkable, and something will ultimately come of all this. What the future may bring about in this way we cannot tell, and I do not know that it is very much worth while to speculate. But a Reunion which is to be in any way universal through Christendom must surely be very much the work of the Church of England. She stands in a peculiar relation to the Protestant communities, not understood either by Rome or by the East. On the other hand, she is to Rome in a relation quite unlike that of the non-Episcopal bodies, however much it may suit some persons on either side to say that it is the same. Towards the East her relations are going to be closer than they were, and the present war will intensify the *rapprochement* which has been going on for some time. It is the extraordinary power of the English character to stand by the old while assimilating the new, which has been her greatest political strength in the past, and is likely to be her greatest contribution to the future. That work, however, will not be accomplished supposing the members of the English Church do nothing but look across the water and wish that we were there.

Let us close with a note of thanks. Is there

LIBRARY
BERKLEY DIVINITY SCHOOL

not a claim upon you and me for our loyalty, not only to the men of a far past, but to those of a nearer past? The Tractarians and the generation which succeeded them—the generation which is above my own—it is to them that we owe very much of that recovery of which we are thinking. It is to their sacrifice and at their cost, which some of us are apt to depreciate, that we owe the greatness and the richness of our Catholic life in the Church. I do not mean that they would have meant that we should be loyal to them in any slavish or dead spirit, but surely their sense of the value of English Catholicism is one of the most important elements in their whole spiritual life. It is to the value of English Catholicism, to the special contribution of our Church to the life of the great Church as a whole, and to the glorious chances of the future, that we need at this time to be loyal and devoted. Let us, while taking no narrow, no insular, no merely provincial view—let us, while allowing full weight to the great claim of Rome for her real gifts to us in the past, and perhaps in the present—let us still be loyal to the very distinctive type of English Catholicism, and still feel that we are right and have a place set us by God to minister to the needs of the present, and to the hopes of all future generations.

UNIVERSITY SERMONS

I. THE CHURCH AND THE FUTURE

'A new heaven and a new earth.'—Rev. xxi. 1.

CHANGES greater than those of the fifteenth century have passed over the mind of Europe during fifty years. Queen Victoria's death made us aware of this. Present conditions intensify it. Men's ideal dreams, and the means of their achievement are like to be other than all of us supposed in youth. This transvaluation of values may well arouse misgiving among members of the Christian Church. Constantly we are met by the taunt either that Christianity, not as a dogma but as a way of life, has been a disaster; or at best that, if once of service, it is now outworn. I do not think that either of these charges is true. Yet there is much to be said for them. Never was the future of God's Church more bright with hope: provided it be treated as an institution purely religious, and provided also we can rid ourselves of obsolete entanglements and persuade the men and women of our day that we mean something more than a

dull survival of a different age, like a boarding-house made out of a mansion.

First, the world in which we live is going to have a religion. Religion is a fact. No argument can destroy that fact; and no apologetic entirely explains it. Religion is a feature of life which can no more be destroyed by argument than falling in love can be killed by eugenics. This is now realised. Unbelief in its more powerful forms tends to organise itself like a Church, to make its appeal to the emotional and mystical, no less than to the rational elements in man, to surround its votaries from birth to death with an atmosphere which shall asphyxiate Christian ideals. It is anti-Christian more than non-Christian. Much of our talk is futile, through the implied assumption that, whatever the superstructure of dogmatic or ecclesiastical architecture, the substructure of ethical ideals is always the same. It is not. So far as international politics are concerned, this fact has been known to students ever since Machiavelli told the truth about Italy. So far as our personal life goes, even the most optimistic should be persuaded by a glance through the magazines, plays, and novels for any period of six months in the last ten years.

Religion may be seen to be a normal human activity, but that does not make easier our task, as believers in a specific historical religion, im-

bedded in the concrete. Such recognition need go no further than a belief that certain states of mind strengthening and consolatory can be reached only by ways of religion ; but this belief may be coupled with the sense that it has been produced in religious systems of any and every content, atheistic, polytheistic, pantheistic, theistic, humanist. Secondly, this knowledge may give to our adversaries an enthusiasm of hatred, rarely seen in Victorian unbelief. Thirdly, some of the outworks may provide sufficient refuge for many who in other times would have sought their home in the Church. Now, some ' higher thought circle ' may appear to give you all the comfort of Christian living without its commonness, so that the anodynes of religious feeling can be drunk with all the pride of superior culture.

Secondly, conventional religion has long been dying. This war will bury it. ' Muffled Christianity,' as Mr. Wells calls it, has no charms for the younger generation. Five years hence it will have still less. All the compromises, the half-lights and half-tones, the suggestive accommodations, the drab proprieties, the sentimental veneer, natural at one time, will be swept with their scorn. Those young men portrayed in *Sinister Street*, those who will come back from the war, may want more Christianity, or they may want less, than what we call Victorian.

But never, never will they slake their souls' thirst with the tepid weak tea of respectable choristers' Anglicanism. Echoes of Charlotte Yonge are not a war-cry for this age. Our friends will be our hardest task-masters—for they will ask much.

But fewer of them will ask it, you will say. If it is only blazing Christianity, the flaming splendour 'coloured with the blood of man,' that will attract, fewer will rise to this. Yes, there will be fewer. That comes of liberty. For two hundred years religious freedom has been developing. With this the proportion of any one religious body to the whole must be smaller. Many people do not intend to live as Christians; when they are educated and free they cease to profess a faith which has to them no meaning. This means that all who do profess it mean something, and the Church will gain in intensive force far more than she has lost in extension. Ever since the peace of a thousand years ago, the Church has suffered from the nominal adherence of many to whom her system makes no appeal. Now, that curse is lessened. It is a pity that many people go on talking as though we lived in the seventeenth century. Policies are sometimes suggested for the State which are feasible only on the assumption, long obsolete, that Churchmanship and citizenship are co-extensive. Even if they ought to be, they are

not, nor are they likely to become so for many centuries.

In the religious trend of the hour, the loud cry for mystical experience strikes one's ears daily. Immediate knowledge is the claim of the mystic; that claim comes with peculiar force to an age which relies on facts. Nothing but ignorance can deny to the mystics the fact of a mighty inward experience. No reader, however hostile, of St. Teresa, or St. John of the Cross, or Madame Guyon can resist the evidence. Personal religion probably always contains a large element of mysticism. Any setting forth of the Christian Faith which belittles this element will fail to-day; and it ought to fail. But we need not ignore it. Herrmann, the great Protestant, thinks that Catholicism and mysticism are almost identical, and declares the mystical life to be the aim of that most characteristically Catholic institution, the monastic life. We need not be so unfair to Protestant faith as this would imply. Protestantism on its highest side has always had a large proportion of mystics. Such a charge, however, allows us to claim that the society which embodies all the past of religion has been the most fruitful soil of mysticism; also it alone guards against its dangers. The positive experience of the mystic may be had in all religions. Certainly Plotinus had it, no less than the converted Augustine. Yet if

mystics, without any criticism, dictate to us we shall have a tyranny of the elect, an oligarchy of the spiritually *élite*. If not, we shall have pure subjectivism, and religion will become mere feeling. Against these dangers we find the best safeguard in the Catholic Church, which with its vast and majestic life can absorb and control even the religious genius, while yet it allows his powers to develop with a rich variety not possible in any meaner atmosphere.

This problem (the relation of the mystic to the whole community) helps us to answer the question, What is the special claim of the Christian society on the present age? The worship of Jesus as Lord? This, indeed, is a *sine qua non*. Many deny even respect to Jesus of Nazareth, calling him a decadent—One who died for His own guilt. Christianity to them is a two thousand years' catastrophe, not because it has failed to understand its Founder, but in so far as it has succeeded. This hatred of the spirit of Jesus we have to face. It is intense and real; so long as human pride exists, we shall find it. Lately it has become self-conscious, and definitely proclaims itself as Antichrist. Yet this alone is not enough. For even Comte set Him high among men; Positivism may be Christian in ethics. Even if we go on to say the Church rests in the belief in Jesus as Son of God, we cannot make this its sole appeal. Person-

ally, I do not believe that ethical admiration will be retained, if once you quite give up the historical society which makes this effective. Yet many individuals continue to exist without this, even apart from Quakers or Unitarians.

Nor again can one seek the solution in the possibility of communion with God. That is the postulate of prayer ; and the essential part in mysticism. But this may be had apart from Christianity. All these things are included in the Church's claim. Yet the claim means more than all these things. The Church claims to be the sphere of the action of Divine Grace, that is, power given from without upon mankind. The social nature of man makes it needful that, if the redemptive work of Christ is to be made effective for all, it must be done by the creation of a society enveloping the individual like the air he breathes, and leaving no part of him untouched by this atmosphere.

The question whether the Church is essential, or merely a convenience, involves the whole problem of the relation of individual to communal life. Absolute individualism is no more possible in religion than in politics ; and its contrary carries the idea of a Church, which is deep and penetrating in its effects, because religion is the most poignant and far-reaching of all human interests. Otherwise a Church is no more than a limited company, to be joined or

left at will, while essential Christianity remains untouched. The charm of the Church is the charm that belongs to the age-long home of the human spirit, which preserves all the values of religion, and holds them in harmony. She gathers of every kind in rite and language, in movement and colour; she holds in union experiences which are older than Christianity. She is Catholic, because she is tied to no one temperament, to no peculiar culture. There the mystic finds the food of his soul, and withal the control of dangerous dreams; there the institutionist finds form and order and the hallowing of all outward means; there, too, the intellectual temper finds an exhaustless store of ideas, without any surrender to mere Rationalism. There even the mere moralist can find his principles given their true ground, and the legalist exercise his powers without losing fervour. There the enthusiast finds fire, but also light to guide. There the man of no more but even less than normal religious interests finds what enables him to do his best, and consoles him in grief, not condemning him because he cannot, like some, make of religion his hobby. There can be found those whose conversion is catastrophic, alongside of others God-fearing and simple, who do not know the meaning of the term. Our Catholic society is so called, not because she is English, or Latin, or Eastern,

but because she has a place for all, excluding none save by his own choice. The central fact in the spiritual experience of the race, she is universal in her appeal; though she cannot be so in numbers so long as man is free. The least that she means is human fellowship, is the love of God through Christ; and those who hold to none of these will desire no place in her roll of citizens.

But the Church being universal cannot be tied to one particular age. We must beware of an apologetic of historical sentiment. The age is conscious of its newness, and in all its culture is anxious to be free from a dead tradition. If the Catholic Church is to appeal to men just now, her defenders must avoid laying overmuch stress on an argument which to you and me may be appealing, but repels those who 'take the golden road to Samarcand' and cry for new worlds to conquer. Rather must we show that what we hold is no dead tradition, but a living spirit 'which evermore makes all things new'; that so far as we cling to the past it is not as slaves, but as children using our elders' gifts to create new joys, and finding every day in those magic treasures not the dry bones of facts and dates, but the fresh springs of a power that is ever 'a wonder, a beauty, and a terror.'

Further, as against the recurrent charge that we teach a service of self-denial which means

death, we need to show that this is no more the case with the 'die to live' of Christianity than it is with the war-cry 'Who dies if England live?' The Christian Church is the great 'yea-saying' to life; but that 'yea-saying' neither in Church nor State, neither for mind nor bodily delights, neither for man nor boy, can ever be reached by mere pleasure; it involves selection, self-denial, mortification. Let us make it plain that it is not death, but life, and more abundant life, that we bring. This war has shown many how, in true life, sacrifice is a part; they will not shrink, rather will they demand the heroic sacrificial side of Christianity. Once they are assured, it is a real 'yea-saying,' and not like Eastern pessimism, a destruction of personal force. Love heightens every power, yet it cannot be without sacrifice; and so we find in every lover, in every patriot, and in all the saints, beginning with St. Paul.

Lastly, it is vital that we be rid of bondage to Victorian traditions. Even at the cost of offending the Aunt Plessingtons of the Church, we must be ready for that call to reality now so piercing. All the pieties and age-long tenderness that gather round the Communion of Saints, the natural and proper place of devotion to the Mother of our Lord, the enhancement of all that tends to place the Eucharist where the martyrs set it, the development under many forms of the 'religious life'—all these must and will play

a part in the life of the English branch of the Church—far greater than in the last century. We must not be afraid, that is our great danger. We must be ready to go to school to the East, to leaven the practical Rationalism of Western religion by a greater sense of the contemplative, the ascetic, and the mystical aspects. Many Nonconformists do this. For we have no *raison d'être* apart from the other worldly values; and I suspect that the Cross, both as a finished work and as a daily example, will be set higher in the days to come than it was either by the Liberal Protestantism or the respectable Churchmanship of the last century.

Bright, as I said, are our prospects; bright, but difficult. Courage and the unconquerable will are the one thing needful, for we have real enemies; and they hate Christ. Yet it is only in Him that we can learn the maxim, 'Be bold, and everywhere be bold.' We see on the fields of Flanders and all the oceans of the world men, some without faith, who make us ask whether any of us is worth what they can do for us, or how far his faith makes him act as nobly. The same call comes to the Church. If we trust our own high resolve, we shall sink, like Peter. Only in Christ will be enduring courage. In this fight we shall be lost if we have not Him to trust. 'In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer: I have overcome the world.'

II. FREEDOM AND AUTHORITY

'I will run the way of Thy commandments, when Thou hast set my heart at liberty.'—Psalm cxix. 32.

LIBERTY and authority are matched like the man and woman in the Indian tale. They seem able neither to live with one another nor without one another. No theory can set forth their relations exactly ; nor in practice can these be fixed, for varying conditions change the limits of both. Abstract logic applied to this notion leads to disasters ; since this ignores the shifting kaleidoscope of human affairs. Certainly the knot is not cut by saying that freedom means the right to do what we ought. Nothing could make more surely for tyranny. Even this leaves it open to make individual choice decide, and call it conscience. So we race into anarchy.

No society but must set some bounds to the acts of its members, or else it will not be a society. In a state of siege, normal safeguards of freedom will vanish. Otherwise the society will.

No less is true if we start from the counter-principle. Unity is the end of human society. Those who reason mechanically from that notion

find an easy descent ; and the individual goes to ground. Unity is the plea of all tyrants or their henchmen, from Haman to Hollweg. All this is commonplace. The war has flashed it on the skies.

Freedom, we are told in every speech, in most leading articles, in essays and poems and sermons, is the aim of the Allies. Freedom tempered with order, the idea of right and of peace, have kissed each other in the English Constitution. On that ground the soul of the English is aflame as it feels it is being attacked. Yet others have ever dubbed us hypocrites. So we must needs take pains, lest either we should not be sincere in this claim, or else that we fail to grasp what it means. Liberty enjoys two hundred definitions. Many a man believes it his object who is ignorant of its nature and hostile to its claims. Either this war will fail, or it will bring more freedom to the world. Freedom must belong to more people. It must be understood better ; it must become a reality to many classes who now are only mocked by the word. To reach this end those who have faith in freedom must bestir themselves. 'Awake, awake, put on strength, O Zion. Put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem.'

The love of power, the desire to make other people do things, is universal. Often in States or individuals it dons the dress of liberty. Cesare

Borgia wanted freedom to do what he willed, so did Napoleon ; so do many more inglorious Neroes of the counting-house.

What, then, is the test of our faith in freedom ? It cannot be the desire to do what we like. Rather it consists in respect for the personality of others. The egoist must ever cry, 'Here I am, there is none beside me.' All men are tools for his pleasure ; the world a baby's toy. The legal maxim, 'the slave is a thing, not a person,' states the unconscious postulate of many. Some, like Jefferson of the American revolt, repeat the phrases of Rousseau and uphold at the same time race-slavery. Max Stirner's doctrine that the individual must be governed by no tyrant but himself is logical on the principles of *naturalism*. On the postulates common to both he did well to pour scorn on Positivists. The religion of humanity without faith in a world beyond is sheer illusion. Faith in freedom carries with it faith in the spiritual nature of men. Denial of the one brings denial of the other in its train.

Justly, on the whole, we can claim to be a free people. This war has shown the truth of the motto *Imperium et Libertas*. The bond that seemed so brittle has been proved strong—Suvla Bay and Anzac Cove can show it. The practical recognition of the freedom inherent in its different groups by the one Commonwealth

may pave the way to new thoughts about the State. At home it is our sympathies that need widening. The fortunate classes know freedom. Education is not bureaucratic. Our schools show us each a true society with its own life and special quality. Within them minor groups, each something for itself. Tyranny in the eyes of the sheer individualist, it would seem like anarchy to a Prussian. As a fact it secures individual power along with a sense of corporate claim. Our ancient universities have a like spirit. Their spell lies largely in the interdependent life of colleges, separate yet united in the common society. All individuals bear their stamp, yet each has his own gift. So in a less degree it is in the army with the strength of regimental tradition. So also with the Inns of Court, whose corporate teaching alone in Europe preserved a national law, and thus withstood the Roman torrent at the Renaissance.

All this is part of the make-up of the educated Englishman. Too often it seems as if that were all. Men imbued with these ideals for themselves can contemplate the masses as unrelated units, and denounce as tyranny all efforts after group-life and sacrifice. Yet that great spontaneous movement we call Trades Unionism is governed by the same spirit. Germane to our English character—down to dislike of the blackleg—it is seen now as a treating power in

the State. Signs already appear of it taking some directing share in those industries of which it is a chief constituent. We cannot go on for ever as we are, leaving direction only to one party in a joint concern with the working men, who *largely* are the concern, to be treated as the pensioners on the bounty of employers, 'grateful to be taken on,' as something they ought to be. We may not like this prospect of change. We must face it. As I said, there are affinities between the two spheres of activity, which ought to widen our sympathy. Not lack of wages or long hours of inequality—men are unequal—but the denial of personal interest is the blot on the 'scutcheon of modern industry. As one puts it :

'Freedom may be hard to define in set terms, but the man who can be perfectly happy without it, enjoys the passive contentment of the animal rather than the positive well-being proper to a man. The neglect of this obvious truth in the working of our industrial government is the simplest and most potent element in the inarticulate labour unrest which has so much hampered British trade and industry of recent years. Harmony can only be restored by frankly basing our industrial life, as our political life is already based, on the principle of responsible self-government.'

This war will not be lost, though we all should

be impoverished for three generations. But it will be lost if we do not win more freedom, and at the same time more order. It is the combination of the two that is the secret of the English strength. Both these developments have this quality. For both repudiate a freedom which is anti-social. Both claim that a man shall have regard to the experience of his fellows. The man who believes in authority is not the man who utters consecrated formulæ, or wants to subject other people to discipline. It is the man who can subject himself, who defers to the common judgment, who knows that if he is persuaded he must stand alone, but who differs with reluctance, believing that, however certain he feels, it is less likely that the accumulated experience of ages is in error than that he himself suffers from some obliquity of vision.

These truths of freedom and order apply to religion even more than they do to civil society. What measures shall effect these ends we need not discuss. The Gospel gives us no programme. Christ did not come to make statesmen lazy. But He did come to assure us of our end—the eternal world for every man, and his share in the kingdom. That truth is at root of all claims to freedom—and it secures the balance of authority.

Even more clearly do these truths shine out in the Church. If we consider the individual alone,

anarchy results ; religion is no more than subjective feeling. If we argue from the unity of the Church in any mechanical way, it is not hard to arrive at some such external type of authority as the ultramontane Papacy. In a great society there will always be much group life. Men of like temper tend to get together. What is dangerous is when such groups become exclusive. That is sectarianism—not the emphasis on this or that dogma. Sectarianism is an attempt to combine in one exclusive society all men of a special kind of temperament in religion. The Church holds all. Within the Catholic society let there be groups as many as you will. We need more, not less, of the guild principle. So long as human life exists there will be temperaments in which the personal side of religion is uppermost ; others which emphasise the critical ; others the sacramental and institutional. Parties in the Church roughly correspond to these permanent differences. No system can change this. We are not intended all to think or act alike. Churchmanship is tested by the power to bear with one another. All share the common life ; each contributes his special gift, and gains from those most unlike. Freedom, as we saw, implies respect for others. In so vast a life as the Catholic Church, with its immeasurable reflections in human personality, with its multitudinous controversies,

its many-coloured history, its treasury of interpretative literature, its varieties of cult all centred round the Creeds, men may be loyal to the whole while greatly differing in the value they set upon their parts. Nor need they like each other equally. To the old-fashioned Evangelical, with his strong sense of personal union and pardon, the ritual of an advanced Church seems to place the form before the substance, and to disturb the quiet of the soul. To him who glories in the Catholic heritage, his brother's gospel seems partial, and to lack all bulwarks against subjectivism. Both think the 'Liberal,' as he loves to be called, coldly intellectual, and suspect unbelief even where they cannot trace it. To the latter the two seem wilfully ignorant of modern problems and timorous in thought. Each is apt to accuse the other of heresy, wishing he were out of the Church. Yet reflection shows that each group has the defects of its qualities. The best way to correct these defects is to combine one group with others whose emphasis differs. So long as this is done in loyalty to the whole, danger is at a minimum.

We are not to jettison our standards. But we need in our thoughts to give the maximum of margin to those who differ. Toleration to be real means more than is thought. It does not mean that we tolerate opinions on matters only which we think doubtful, but that we must

endure what we actively dislike, confident in the power of a living society to reject what is alien to its idea, and reserving our powers to combat them in argument.

This freedom is not absolute. Even ethical agreement involves postulates about human nature. Faith in God as our Father is open to doubts which to many seem insuperable. The simplest view of our relation to Christ implies a host of historical affirmations, none of which is unquestioned. The claim for absolute freedom of criticism inside the Church involves a contradiction. For it asserts that a religion essentially historical may be indifferent to all historical content. This would leave us with an ethics without direction, a theology that was not even negative, a society which lacks all principle of life, and a religion without meaning.

With this caveat, let us bear in mind that English Churchmanship, if true to its special task, should lean to the side of freedom. It is hard to be fair to what we feel to be wrong. It is always exhilarating to take the offensive. Only real faith can afford to be sympathetic. Too often when we think we are defending the faith we are only betraying our own weakness of hold.

These principles apply to all, not least to the intolerant preacher of toleration. The name of Liberal does not prove liberality, nor the name

of Catholic universality, nor that of Evangelical a Gospel spirit.

Even worse is a danger of all these parties—the temptation to treat religion as the property of those who have taste for it. It may be the individual dwelling in a private Paradise, 'occult withheld,' untrod, rolling Scripture phrases like wine on the palate. It may be the critical intellectualist, exhaustless in discussion. It may be the institutionalist aflame with the wonder of the Church of all the ages, erudite in details of her cult. Any or all may make the error of treating religion as mainly an interest. The love of God, and of man, made possible by Jesus Christ, and carried out in daily life, that is the principle of the Gospel. To many a God-fearing man this is the star to steer by, to whom all our party cries are of little meaning. Religion does not mean reading the Church papers or going to the May meetings. We know that now. Yet are we not apt to treat as the only true Christians those who have the same sort of interest in it as we have ourselves ?

Calvinism makes Christianity the treasure of the religious *élite*. Its dogmas are gone. Its spirit takes Protean forms ; it is the worst of all cankers in the Church. It works unconsciously, taking people on the side of their enthusiasms. Yet we do not judge a man a good citizen by his interest in a political club. Too

often this is accepted by the plain man, who thinks the Church no place for him. Nothing will do more to ruin God's cause than to turn the family into a sect of leisured persons with a taste for religion. Instead of the Church of God being a home for the souls of men, it would become a *conservatoire* for training spiritual virtuosity. It would imply radical differences in human life, instead of the unity of all in love.

That is the bond of society—not sentimental affection, but will to the good of others along with our own. All effort for humanity comes of the golden rule. The essence of the golden rule is the Gospel of Jesus of Nazareth. Freedom and authority are abstract terms. We may dispute about them for ever. Love is the activity of persons transforming the whole.

Alike in matters of dogma and organisation we should simplify our problems if we had at heart the governing principles of that writing in the New Testament which is fullest of dogma, yet gives imperishable form to the social appeal grounded on the nature of God.

'Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God, and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love. In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent His only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through Him. Herein is love,

not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins. Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another. No man hath seen God at any time. If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and His love is perfected in us. Hereby know we that we dwell in Him, and He in us, because He hath given us of His Spirit. And we have seen and do testify that the Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world. Whosoever shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God, God dwelleth in him and he in God. And we have known and believed the love that God hath to us. God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.

III. CHRISTIANITY AND CULTURE

'All things are yours.'—1 Cor. iii. 21.

This passage is the charter of Christian culture. St. Paul lays down the right of the Christian to share in the riches of human experience, and the limits within which that right must be exercised. All things are yours. Only because we are Christ's, and Christ is God's. The Christian holds the master-key to the treasury of life. The words are to us a truism. We quote them lightly. They were not lightly written. Had the Apostle been writing to the hierophants of a prosperous and established Church, his words would have seemed obvious. Danger there might be lest possession should seem everything, and the proviso be forgotten. No difficulty about these words would have occurred to a mediæval statesman Pope, holding in his hands the threads of universal diplomacy, and master of an organisation the most subtle and penetrating known in history. Some one like Innocent IV. or John XXII. would have expounded them in a legal case, as proof of his own more than royal rights. Or, again, these

words might seem the best warrant for enthusiasm in all humane studies of a Pope of the Renaissance, like Nicolas V., with high ideals as a scholar, sensible that he was leader of a great intellectual movement, desirous to justify Rome as capital of the 'country of culture.' What was felt at the centre would be felt also at the circumference. Any member of a military order like the Templars, or a prosperous merchant like the father of St. Francis of Assisi, would feel this. Indeed, that was partly why the latter was so deeply wounded by his son's marriage with Holy Poverty. Or, again, a plain schoolmaster in the sixteenth century might take these words to himself, and believe that he was following in the steps of Vittorino da Feltre. 'In all time of our wealth' as a Church these words would seem natural to the Christian man of affairs, or the Christian scholar.

That was not so with St. Paul's first readers. Slaves they were for the most part: men at least of no social weight. The new faith was not yet formidable enough even to merit official persecution. Christianity meant less to the Roman world than the prophecies of Dr. Dowie and Zion City meant to us.

This fact alone shows how impossible it is to think of St. Paul as speaking of material possessions. If is of experience, not the material basis of experience, that he speaks. St. Francis

once said that he got more out of the riches of King Louis than the King himself. The King enjoyed his treasures—but he enjoyed the King's joy. In other words, love, with its gift of sympathy, enriches the personality. Selfishness makes individuality a prison-house. It narrows the character, even in the presence of vast wealth.

What St. Paul said has proved true. Most that was of enduring value in the ancient culture was absorbed by the Catholic Church. Then, in union with the fresh races of the north, she framed a culture richer, more varied, and more penetrating than any known before. It is hard to see how any one can belittle the services of the Church to humane culture, in view of the material evidence still subsisting. Yet some can speak of the 'gloomy asceticism of the Catholic Church destroying love and laughter.' Such an one can never have looked at the grotesques in a mediæval cathedral. St. Francis of Assisi was in some ways the most thoroughgoing ascetic, yet his whole life is like a child's smile on a dull day. Those who bring against the Church this charge of hostility to culture do not argue from facts—of these they are ignorant—but from theories. They know that the Church prohibits certain actions and inculcates self-denial. They jump to the conclusion that she is inhuman and opposed to natural joy.

If Christianity could be identified with Puritanism they might be right.

All comes of two errors : (*a*) a misconception of the Christian maxim ' die to live,' and (*b*) the failure to see that this principle is true of all worthy human life, is indeed involved in the very nature of culture, for that involves selection. The Christian law is that we must lose ourselves to save ourselves—that pain, risk, drudgery, all forms of daily dying, are essential for any mastery, whether bodily, mental, social, or spiritual. This maxim ' die to live ' is a postulate of all education. The most perfect bodily functions will give no one athletic freedom unless he go through a discipline. Brilliant mental gifts run to seed unless there be a hard and hurting pruning process. Without this principle, the sacrifice of the moment to the future, no success can be won either in politics or affairs, or any profession or liberal art. When the Cross of Christ is held before us, it is not as a strange, unique phenomenon. It is the inner meaning of all our struggles, the symbol of all sacrifice for distant ends. Even for culture we need the Cross. Mere hedonism will not do. No high culture is possible without an asceticism of the taste. How little such is practised now may be seen in our cheap magazines, and some of our best advertised novelists. Nobody can learn to write unless he is willing to be ruthless

to himself. Nowadays people wonder at the story of a town like Siena. They read of its constant wars with other cities, its internecine civil strife, its insecurity and bloodshed. They ask how is it possible that a people so distracted should produce the things we know? Is not the answer partly in these very distractions, the symptoms of intensified life? The brilliance of life and all its beauty were realised owing to the nearness of death—that gives a colour and a glory quite unique. Take other cities, set on a hill, Buxton or Harrogate. There you have no wars, but fine hotels and efficient police. But will there be anything for people to wish to look at five hundred years hence?

Perhaps the party is not large which attacks the Church in this way. Few people deny the services she has wrought in the past—say the thirteenth century. That, it is thought, can be relegated to history. Can we not look forward to an age of purely humanist culture, without any disturbing supernatural interest. Ever since the Renaissance we have been witnessing efforts to produce this condition. At last we have some glimpse of its naked beauty. The present *moral* of the Prussian people is the direct result of the marriage of European scepticism with State idolatry. The sometime friend and pupil of Voltaire, Frederick the Great, is the symbol of it all. What has gone on since

then is merely the logical development of the philosophy of *sans-souci*. People were shocked and surprised at the bonfire of Louvain, the murder of Captain Fryatt, the Belgian deportations. They may have done well to be shocked, but they are foolish to be surprised. Nobody who has read Busch's *Memoirs of Bismarck* ought to be surprised at anything that the Germans have done. That is the kind of culture for which all deniers of the supernatural are preparing the way, though not always with direct intention.

The higher goods even of human culture will not persist apart from a spiritual ideal; they will cease to be thought of as goods, and their value will decay. Even education—if material success be all—must undergo a like change. More and more will a vulgar commercial spirit decline to allow time and energy to be spent in any fundamental problems. Scientific research will be honoured for a time. But as soon as it is discerned or suspected that much of it is without practical value, the man of science will be despised like the poet, and bidden to work in fetters. Art, indeed, never did and never can subsist on a rationalist basis, for in its very idea art invokes other elements of human nature. A society living on the mechanistic hypothesis would soon begin to ask of poets *what they were dreaming of*, and of musicians why they were so

idle? So far from making fresh masterpieces such a world soon becomes incapable of comprehending the old ones. Most of us know instances of this.

If, however, religion be the foundation of enduring culture, culture is no less needful to the Catholic Church. The final truth may not be with intellectualism; we are not on that ground to despise the intellect, but rather to develop and direct it. Without God, human society becomes barren and decays. That does not mean that we are to despise human society. Rather we are to show its value to the man of God—if he would be perfect and entire. Art, if followed on lines of pure naturalism, will lose its dignity and sweetness. We are not on that ground to turn aside in Puritan contempt, but rather to do all we can to elevate artistic motives. So with all human instincts—none of them but may lead astray if pursued apart from God. But none of them but enriches the Christian if done in the right spirit. Sexual intercourse may be animal merely, or worse; Christian marriage is a Sacrament of the union between Christ and the Church.

On all hands we see the problem between a spiritual and a non-spiritual culture. The solution is not to be looked for in any form of Puritanism—a movement confined to no one epoch and no one branch of the Church—but

always seductive to austere minds ; and always heretical.

If we think to convert the modern world by retiring into a coterie, we shall make a grievous error. Whatever the man of the present day accepts, it will not be Puritanism. Half of our trouble is due to this—the old Puritan ideals have gone, and in their stead we have licence. 'In those days there was no king in Israel, and every man did what was right in his own eyes.'

Let us brace ourselves to meet this need. We have a world crying out for religion, but suspicious of authority, and nervously afraid lest religious people are blind to the needs of humane culture. That dread we must remove.

There is less inclination than there used to be to suppose that you can get on comfortably enough without any religion. But the religion of the coterie is of no use. A religious world with its ecclesiastical gossip, its clerical cliques, its great preachers, and its paraphernalia of fuss will not attract thinking men. What will interest the world is to show that (1) we mean what we say when we talk of human life as being a fellowship, and (2) that on the intellectual side the highest and deepest culture is that of the Christian. Never shall I forget the impression made on me as an undergraduate by being brought into touch with a great scholar who was above all things a humanist, but the very depth

of whose humanism was due to his Christianity. It is essential for us who glory in the name of Catholics to show these two things—for it is useless to prate of Catholicity if you spend your time sneering at all efforts after fellowship in secular affairs, and it seems equally unreal to boast of that name in any narrow specialist spirit apart from the great tradition of European culture. We have to show that we, because we are Christians, have deeper social sympathies and more acute intellectual interests than those who are not.

I wish that this were more realised. For many of the most earnest among the clergy seem content with their culture at twenty-five. Since then they learn nothing, though they have forgotten a good deal. Too many vicars seem to frown on any intellectual activities, whether in clergy or laity, with disastrous results. The consequence is that the professional man (or woman) of high modern education finds little to help him in the Church, and is often given the sense that he is not wanted—as compared with other people. No wonder where they retain religion they surrender to the vague idealism—guiltless of creeds—which is all in the air.

If there be any here whose life is not yet fixed in a groove, I would say this : Let your sense of the need of religion be equally yoked with a passionate enthusiasm for all the goods of

human culture. Do not let any desire to do immediate good hinder you from the development of mental interests ; and do not suppose that that development is ended at thirty, or even at forty or fifty. We live in a difficult world, but a very glorious one. Upon us, the inheritors of European culture, is laid a burden honourable, but onerous. We have to show that in all excellences of humane activities, study, invention, artistic enthusiasm, social grace, wise and instructed statesmanship, the care for good books, there reigns in the Christian not less but more of the passion for knowledge than in his fellows. Nobody is the master of his own gifts, and talent is not a merit, but as Catholic Christians we can all develop the gifts that we have, and show forth religion, as a harmony of many hues, of many times and places, subtly interwoven. It is the office of all Christians to show forth their faith in its beauty and universal subtlety of gladness.

IV. THE ETERNAL REFUGE

'The Lord sitteth above the water-flood; the Lord remaineth a King for ever.'—Psalm xxix. 10.

Does He? That question is asked by many now who did not dream a doubt four years ago. Practical reality forces itself upon us. We cannot but wonder how far our hopes for man are well founded. Is there goodness at the heart of things? For us this involves a belief in the Blessed Trinity, a God whose nature it is to love and be loved—and a world of human fellowship based on His Fatherhood.

Ultimately the doctrine of human brotherhood will not be maintained apart from Christian Faith. What concerns men at the moment is not so much faith in God as belief in the principles of human life, which are symbolised in the Golden Rule. Mr. George Santayana in his brilliant volume *Egotism in German Philosophy*, points out that what our new 'pedant barbarism' sets at naught is the whole complex of moral and humane doctrine, the traditional sanctities of men's social unity. That is what we fight for. Without giving way to the German

creed, many are in doubt about their own. We ask, Can there be any real foundation for all those hopes and ideals which in the past were so supporting ? Far off they seem and faint, echoes of a dying song.

First of all, in religion we see something remote. This struggle absorbs our imagination. Even about prayer there is an air of unreality —how useless to the main struggle is that which is to us so full of comfort, the Holy Communion. Us these things refresh and uplift. Yet are they not almost fiddling whilst Rome burns ? Even more is this true of our discussions and movements, and ecclesiastical paraphernalia. Are they not shams while realities are all in France ? We must reply that these are parts of life, and they cannot all be stopped—and that it is our duty to carry on and not mope. This sense of remoteness affects many of the interests honoured in this place. The manifold occupations of art and letters—the throwing the imagination into the past, all recondite inquiry, all learning that has not an immediate object —all suffer under the shadow of unreality, except in so far as they can be defended as refreshment. So that it is not the religious interest alone that must question itself.

But ' religion is not a luxury ; it is a necessity.' A large part of religion has been luxury. That must go. All that is mere sentiment, all

languorous acquiescence will prove wanting. The war should destroy all religion that is not vital.

That is only the beginning of the trouble. Let it be that our religion is vital to us: our consolation and our hope. What is going on makes us doubt how far we have any right to this hope. May it not be only a dream of the imagination, *i.e.* a refuge for the spirit of man, created for himself through the pressure of need, but having no root in reality. The more intensely we feel this need, the more acutely do we question our right to satisfy it. Not only we; others in every age have sighed for the consolations of religion. Yet might it not be that they only hypnotised themselves into the belief that the universe was less cruel than it seemed. Faith in an age like this is always tortured by the fear of self-hypnotism. It would not be faith if it were not.

Many people have believed in a good-natured, sentimental Deity. That faith was the reflection of their own weakness. It is not Christian; it never was. Our God is a consuming fire. In Jesus of Nazareth there is deep austerity—often ignored by the graceful sentimentalism which Renan made popular. 'There is nothing so merciless as the mercy of God,' I have heard said. This war has done us good in recalling us to the severity of God's love—so deep that He will

shrink from nothing to His children's profit, except that of coercing their freedom.

Freedom ! All men are free, or partly so. If God be Love, He cannot desire the service of machines. If He creates spirits to love Him, they must be free to love themselves better : in doing that they will cause vast suffering. This war shows us on a colossal scale the consequence of human freedom being turned to wrong ends. It gives no argument against a God who is Love ; but it shows a world, which was forgetting it in genial tolerance, the naked horror of sin. Many people who did not believe in the theological doctrine of sin, now see what it means. That is the reply to the often heard word, ' There can be no God, or else He would stop the war.'

That does not take away our trouble. There remains the Presence in the imagination. Facts about us are so terrific We cannot live in a fools' Paradise. Is the time-honoured wisdom of mankind anything more than a set of copy-book maxims, fit for small children, and scorned by any one else ? Is not there (apart from the war) a great deal in the competition of commerce, in the exploitation of the weak, in the methods even of Western civilisation that bears out such a view ? Is what is called morality as between man and man anything more than the exaltation of certain elements of this human life, useful at all times to the weak, and obligatory between

friends, but belied by the world at large? We may admire the maxim to love as brethren, and honour the perfection of self-sacrificing Love upon the Cross. But is not the truth of man's nature rather expressed by philosophers like Hobbes, with his belief in universal selfishness, or like Machiavelli and Bernhardi which is the same thing on the international scale? Is there indeed a 'power not ourselves that makes for righteousness,' or is it all a dream? Did Christ enunciate the true law of human life after all?

You cannot prove it. No belief in God or any predominant power above selfishness is possible save to faith. We know this by the common argument of selfish men, that even a self-sacrificing act is in some way the interest of a person of special temperament. This is no matter of high doctrine. It is concerned with all the venerated sanctities of human life; the love of man and woman, motherhood, friendship, mutual help, loyalty, truthfulness—are all these things to be honoured as the highest, or are they, except as the playthings of a coterie, the merest moonshine? In all ages some have thought this. At any moment, the mass of practice may be plausibly argued to be against them, albeit, from time immemorial men have given them lip-service. Without faith even the ideals of humane living are impossible. That makes us

afraid. May not our faith be self-hypnotism? We cannot prove the contrary. We can see what are the alternatives. If they should carry us to conclusions even more difficult, we have grounds for the venture of faith. Faith would be no faith if there were no venture.

But first of all even the alternative, the selfish ideal, requires faith. You must make a venture even to accept the ethics of Thomas Hobbes of Malmesbury. For to do that you have to explain away all the acts of love and fellowship; and also the high value mankind has put on them. I do not say that that cannot be done. But the explanation does not satisfy. It seems unreal, just what they call our view. The common man is revolted when he is bidden to hold that an act of heroism like that of the bombing officer who saved his men's lives at the cost of his own is no more than his form of selfishness. In some ways the war may make things harder to believe—for those on the side of the angels. But the uncounted acts of devotion to others, and mutual help, have added to the spiritual assets of the race. They make the cynical view even less probable than before.

Neither the cynical nor the fraternal theory of life can be proved. Both have some facts, and neither has them all. Whichever way you take, you must choose one set of facts and rank them higher. Are the qualities hitherto thought

nobler in reality so? We need not enhance our difficulties. Christian and humane ethics do not teach an absolute altruism, but bid us 'love our neighbour as ourselves.' It does not destroy individuality, but asserts that true self-development is found in service. Is not that the lesson taught us shrinking Christians by thousands of quite ordinary privates? Even the State worship of Prussia is by no means all on the side of the selfish doctrine. True, it annihilates every moral restraint in politics or war. But to do this it has to develop in a high degree the selfless devotion of the individual. It makes the State his conscience. It might be argued that the successes of our foes are due more to their good than to their bad qualities. They are a people really at one, willing to endure all for the fatherland, and sacrificing everything to the herd-instinct. This cohesion is not, cannot be, merely created by force—it is in the mind of the people. Within the limits of the nation, we may find many instances of the paramount claims of human fellowship. They all point to the individual reaching his real life in devotion to a cause—national immorality, but individual sacrifice, is their motto. Indeed, I have seen it argued, by one who hates Christian ethics, that modern Prussia is their chief embodiment. Whether you take the family, or the State, or any social union, you find that human life cannot

be understood without some infusion of the despised doctrine of mutual service.

Still, we have an alternative. Let us consider it. We want to see what it involves, whether it does not bring us into greater difficulties even than our own ideal. Friedrich Nietzsche repudiated with scorn all those ethical values, save courage, which the human race, Buddhist and Chinese no less than Christian, has at all times chosen for honour. But while he did this, he was also saying the universe is chaos ; it has no order, no meaning, no goal. The rejection of ethical values leads to the doctrine that the world is nonsense : this he reiterates with the lyrical raptures in which he is a master. You may say that he is not consistent, that he did find in it a meaning—the will to power. But that has no end. The world is a recurring decimal ; the will to power goes on producing a series of cycles of never-ending struggle, leading to nothing. That is ' his eternal return.'

Can it not be said that at blackest moments our view is less improbable than this, and therefore that the world somehow gives warrant to ethics of human fellowship. Besides, there is a sense in that we all have a right to argue that the deepest aspirations have some warrant in the constitution of things. Ultimately this comes to mean that existence cannot be entirely nonsense. This it is, and not any individual

sense of permanence, that is the argument for the life beyond (apart from Revelation). Just now this is enhanced. It is not so hard to believe that death closes all in those who die with work done at the evening of life. It is all but impossible to credit that some great character cut off in the height of power, or some youth noble and heroic killed in fight, has gone out into the dark for ever. If the world be not meaningless, we must think of them as alive. That is the real argument for an eternal world which shall ratify all that is noble in this: it is expressed in Browning's 'Abt Vogler,' in lines almost too well known to quote.

The contrary is to make the devil Lord of all things. That is not thinkable. You cannot conceive, though Nietzsche suggested it, that the ground of all being is a lie. The argument that the deepest needs of human nature have their satisfaction in reality may rest on faith. It does. But it is not unreasonable. It is the faith that the world has a meaning, and that man is not a freak of nature.

This faith in the inner permanence of good guarantees no result either way in the present struggle. We greatly err if we suppose that because we are right, more than right, therefore military triumph is assured. That would be to make success the measure of right, and to justify the worst crimes. In the Old Testament, tem-

poral blessings are the meed of right being. Precisely the opposite is the lesson of Jesus Christ in word and fact. The war shows how apparent defeat is the cause of spiritual triumph. The success of the British Empire and its justice have made us forget that. It may be that we have to learn it afresh, and the process will be hard.

At the sack of Rome by Alaric, all human ideals suffered shipwreck; the grandeur of the eternal city had seemed part of the nature of things, and all faith was shattered. The greatest of St. Augustine's works was designed to rebuild it. The *De Civitate Dei* removed the notion that, because earthly props were gone, God was the less with us and Christianity false. In words all have accepted that view. Nobody now professes to believe that earthly blessings attend on the virtuous man, as a thing of course. All Christians accept the doctrine of the Cross, that strength may be made perfect in weakness—that apparent loss, even of power to work for God, may bring real gain. In words we believe that, but we find it hard in act—in our own case. Still harder is it in the national cause. Yet nations, like individuals, may be the greatest when they have to tread the *via dolorosa*, like Belgium now. The age-long triumph of English freedom might conceivably come, not after a victory but out of a disaster unparalleled. I am

not saying that this need be, or that we should not strain every nerve. Only let us not cease to remind ourselves that our faith in God's love as the ground of life must not be made dependent on the issue of any actual struggle.

Too wide for our ken is the sweeping orbit of human history. We have but a clear vision of a piece of it. What may be the future of the peoples of West Europe and America we cannot say, any more than four years ago we could have said what was the destiny of so many gone forth from here, and now dead in our defence.

Either our virtues or our vices might lose us the war. The sins of West Europe, the worship of gold and pleasure, the class-selfishness, exploitation of the weak, commercial and industrial ruthlessness—all may need the punishment of a power, which displays the same principles on a vaster scale with less of restraint. For the scientific barbarism of Prussia might win in the same way that the hard barbarians of the West broke into the peace-lapped Roman Empire in the fifth century. God forfend this. Yet it might be. We must face facts.

We are in the most awful hour yet of this war. What we need is not prophecy, but hope. Hope, if it be unconquerable, must be independent of any earthly vicissitude. It must have its vision in the world beyond. No hope save that in the eternal God can satisfy us at any

time. Yet now it is clearer than ever that if we are not to sink in the sea of trouble we need some refuge beyond the stress of life, that also can sustain us in the faith that our cause is at one with the heart of God—that our life, whether a nation or as individual, is in His hands. Not in bright but in dark times do we feel most the reality of the eternal consolation.

'The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.

'Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.'

THE NEED OF GOD

'Hitherto the Lord hath helped us.'—1 Sam. vii. 12.

WORDS are little needed to-day. The solemnity of the hour preaches its own sermon. Since August, 1914, what ages have passed! Each year has come to us with a graver sense of the issues; each year we have felt more deeply how hard is the task. Each year there is an increasing inability to foretell the end. Every month the prophets grow fewer—as to how and when it will close. To many the chief asset is only this—that after four years we must be making some approach to mutual exhaustion. But of an end we see no sign, and have less hope than a year ago.

Every year has deepened our knowledge of the greatness of our task. Has it in an equal degree deepened our dependence upon God? Has it done this even among Christian people? I doubt it. Not long since I had a letter from an Englishwoman who had lived in Rumania until this year. Once, early in the war, had she been home, and is now returned. She felt that she was breathing a different atmosphere from what there was in 1915. Then the ideals of sacrifice

and noble aims and brotherhood in freedom were all in the air. Now it was not so. Instead, there is a dogged will to hold on; and absorption in the things of the moment. Is there no truth in that? Partly it may be right. In any struggle, if serious, a period comes in which the mind is taken up with holding on. The far aim may be there, but it cannot hold the attention. That is so now—alike in those who fight and those who watch. The war has paralysed all activities whether of mind or soul, which do not have a direct bearing on victory. At least, it tends to paralyse them.

So far as prayer is regarded, it might seem that to believers it would have the opposite result. So it has to some. They are not many. Prayer is little understood even by those who pray. The immediate pressure of anxiety, or of sorrow, or more often simply of work, is so acute, that prayer and everything other-worldly seem unreal. People may not disbelieve—it all seems remote, irrelevant—like going to Church to a child who wants to go on with its game. It is well then that at this time we should remind ourselves (*a*) of our duty, (*b*) of our grounds of thanks.

First comes the thought of thanksgiving. Horrors the war has shown. History has no parallel for the suffering it has entailed, or for the elaborated evil mind at the back of it. If

the world does not know more of God, it understands the devil better. Despite this our grounds for thanksgiving are large.

We now know in a way we had no conception of four years ago, how terrific is the force of our adversary. The magnitude of our peril in 1914 was not realised till after. This year has its special grounds for thanks. Four months ago, one month ago, our feelings had undergone a great change. I do not say that one expected the enemy to win. But most believed that ere this the position would be far more unfavourable than it is. Do not mistake me. We are in no sense secure. Even now, by some stroke of skill or fortune, the enemy might secure gains which would more than make up for the last fortnight. Still, on the soberest estimate, this is less likely than it was. The Allies' power of repercussion against attack is far greater.

If we are to thank our Heavenly Father for deliverance, we must thank Him also for achievement. Who could have foreseen this four years ago ? Who would have been believed if he had ? England has won imperishable renown : and France, the eldest son of the Church, the parent of the Crusades, has added to the glory of her title. Even the proudest believers in the historic glory of this century could hardly have imagined what has come about. Hysteria is nauseous. But beyond hyperbole the fact re-

mains. Our troops by land and sea, no longer a small body of trained professionals, but the life of the nation, have set an example of heroism and devoted unselfishness which might shame saints. The value of any nation, its gift to the world, is spiritual. The real treasures of the Allies are indefinitely greater than they were.

Secondly, there is a treasure more hardly won than the heroism of youth—the union in spirit between the Allies. That *union sacrée*, which silenced political battle-cries in France, is more than paralleled by our four years' intimacy with a nation so diverse. The fineness of English culture will be vastly enhanced as a result of this *rapprochement* if it lead to a real interpenetration. French and Italian, all Latin culture indeed, has been undervalued by us. Now it is to be hoped we shall do this no more. It may be the beginnings not only of a new England, but of a new Europe—a true Renaissance. Even greater, some think, will be the results of our alliance with 'U.S.A.' Certain things united us with them before, but less than most people thought or than newspapers told. Now there are noble auguries for civilised progress. Already the American President seems more than any other statesman the spokesman of the common mind of the Allied peoples.

All these things are grounds of thanks. The wonder of deliverance ; the treasure of human

devotion alike in field and hospital ; the accomplished and enduring union of spirit among the nations.

All these enhance the need of prayer. All are spiritual treasures. Except the patriotic effort none could have been at all counted upon. No less unexpected than failures have been the successes of this war. The retreat from Mons, the victory of the Marne, the First Battle of Ypres, were triumphs not of brains only but of the spirit. The union between the Allied Powers for so long was a thing almost beyond hope. So much so that even now German cunning is ever occupied with expedients to break it up.

Apart from this there is the habit—not yet abandoned—of speaking of victory as a mathematical certainty because we have more money, more man-power. This war has shown that we cannot bank on mathematical certainties of that sort. Machinery counts greatly we know. But if you forget that all machines must be constructed, worked, and directed by human beings, you may lose your war in a day, either by a strike or a mutiny, or stupidity at the top, or intuition on the other side, or lack of moral cohesion, or a tired mind, or mere flightiness. Who could have guessed that Russia would make the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk ? Too much of this talk leads to over-confidence ; and even in the

field leaves out the great factor of generalship. It was generalship that won the second victory of the Marne as it won the first—and that is all a matter not of intelligence but of the spirit. This ignores, too, the spirit and *moral* of armies, and still more the subtle problems that arise in such numbers from a body of allied nations with different governments, presiding over people of different temper, different history, different climate and language and culture.

Even in a human sense, prayer can help us. It puts the mind of those who pray in that state in which they will be best in a crisis. Even though he may not know it, the mind of a man who prays has a certain inward peace. He has a sort of sub-conscious rest, while all the surface, even his own brain and nerves, may be tossed with storms. Besides, prayer does more than calm. It enlarges horizons and gives vistas: 'I will lift up mine eyes to the hills, from whence cometh my help.' Prayer gives spaces and leisure, so that the man of prayer has (so to say) extra holidays. Unfortunately he sometimes trusts to this, and breaks down.

The temper of the people at home will affect that of the armies. Here, if anywhere, prayer is needed. Always there are many who do not pray. War breaks down barriers. It has changed the outlook of millions. It has cut many from their moorings. It has enlarged

their opportunities and multiplied their temptations. Much as we have cause for thanksgiving, what man of reflection can deny that there are at this time great dangers—dangers of licence, of corruption, of hysteria, and of a fanatical nationalism, which in a panic could win the war by stains on the great name of England. We had an instance last week in the House of Lords when a motion was introduced with an implied insult to the Royal Family, so unbalanced was the fear of even suspects of alien blood. There are all the dangers too of a people living up to concert pitch—danger especially for the youth of both sexes. Victory of itself will not make us a better nation, or England a better place to live in. We need to pray as we never prayed before for the realisation in acts not words of the objects of the war—freedom, and that for all, not for some; ordered liberty; the mingling of the gains of the past with the hopes of a new world. Above all we need prayer, that God may enter more fully into the life of humanity.

THE PHARISEE AND THE PUBLICAN

'God, I thank Thee that I am not as other men are, or even as this publican.'—St. Luke xviii. 11.

THIS flash of insight revealed the unconscious mind of the Pharisees. We are apt to think of its particular application. Were not the Pharisees the wicked enemies who brought Jesus of Nazareth to the Cross? No wonder, if such was their arrogance. How good to see them shown up. Let us look and pass on.

Not so. The Pharisees are not an uncommon type. Still less were they hardened criminals. What they were hardened in was religiosity. Religion to them was the supreme interest. Their politics were also their religion. Nowhere was such devoted nationalism. Their cause was noble—the free theocracy of the old Hebrew Church-State. The Pharisees were the spearpoint of the Jewish people in a world hostile and indifferent. What wonder if they had some pride? They were strict in observance; so they won respect. They were patriots, and had on their side all men who were moved by historic sentiment. They were the leaders of respectability, keeping high their private morals, yet

finding their financial account in existing economic conditions. Sometimes they were hard at a bargain, merciless to the weak, greedy of their interest, and careless as to how it was won. They had no eyes for the problem of riches and power, and thought that all things were the best in the economic world, provided people would abstain from trying to make them better. What should surprise us in that? These were the faults incident to their place, often noticed by prophets among the Jews. The Pharisees had the defects of their qualities. Who has not?

These defects brought Jesus to the Cross. They cast an indelible stain on the memory of their party, and upon all parties in history which set up religion as a party cause, and in the process neglect God, Who is Love. To you and me this warning comes afresh. Always it is needed. To us the Church may be a cause, and to many of us religion may be the chief interest in life. All of us have temptations akin to those which were too strong for the Pharisees—the temptation to make of religion the interest of nice people and of religious activity the promotion of a party cause. It is easy to serve God if you picture Him as no more than the figure-head of your party. Also this sense produces contempt for all whose ways are not the same as ours. Cannot we see this on all hands in the prominent religious

parties of the day? I am not sure that it has not increased of late.

This, however, is not the fault of most Englishmen. Their fault is the opposite. They make a Pharisaism out of Publicanism. 'God, I thank Thee that I am not as other men are, or even as this parson. I do not fast once a week, and strongly disapprove of such nonsense in my sister-in-law. I give what I like, and will not be meddled with. I make no profession, but I believe in the maxim Live and let Live.' This pose of religious indifference is taken by many —some of them are far from being indifferent. But they are afraid of one another, and dare not show what they feel. Most of us men are prigs in our fear of being thought priggish. In the clergy this produces an affectation of one sort, in the laity that of callousness. Such people like a clergyman to be conventional, and are horrified if he makes jokes. They want some one else to preserve the pose of religion, as they do the opposite.

At this moment this is particularly dangerous. It leads people to think that people are afraid of their religion, or that it is unreal. Somewhere Mr. H. G. Wells talks of 'muffled Christianity.' That is precisely what the new generation will not endure. A Christianity of half tones and half beliefs, with the Eucharist tucked away in hours when most people are in bed, so that

pious folk are almost like Nicodemus who came to Jesus by night—a Christianity with no power of natural utterance in an age when every other interest—artistic, intellectual, poetic, moral, political, economic—blares its creed like a steam organ. This twilight religion is to them worse than none. Something indeed it has in its power. Danger lies the other way. Every priest knows this. To have to talk about religion leads to a pose which may create some self-deception; it is almost certain to lead at times to an attempt to force the note. That is why the men of the eighteenth century had such a horror of what they called 'enthusiasm'—the peril of a religion which was more than the expression of a certain tension of the nerves.

The way to counter that danger is not for the normal balanced person to refuse to speak of it. Rather he should take it for granted. In a Christian society it ought to be as easy to talk of going to Holy Communion as it is to talk of going to a concert. All this shyness comes from that neglect of prayer as an atmosphere, of which I spoke last week. Until prayer becomes really natural, no dealings with religion but must seem a little strange.

The second evil that results from this is the treatment of religion as departmental. 'It is your affair, your own affair, what you believe. If it pleases you to spend certain parts of your

time in Church, do so by all means. I don't seek to interfere. It does not appeal to me, it is waste of time. But then I never go to church. Some people never look at pictures. Every man to his taste. Let him fill his spare time as he pleases.'

Is not that the modern attitude? Anti-religious fanatics there are. But more common is that I have outlined. This is due to many causes. But one is this reserve about religion —this treating of it as a private luxury, a mere question of how you employ your leisure, of little more importance than whether you prefer eau-de-cologne to lavender water. Partly it comes from this inverted Pharisaism, this keeping our religion to ourselves, except that a certain order of men—the clergy—is supported in order to do all the needful public representations of it. A religion which is apart from life has ceased to make appeal. Unless our religion can consecrate all our life, the new age will have nothing to do with it—it will not keep it in a separate compartment. Much of the unrest is due to that. The age needs a religion, but it feels that the present organisation of life is out of relation to it. That may mean a new arrangement of life, but it inevitably means the death of the idea that religion is a matter merely of private taste.

'REJOICE EVERMORE'

THESE words are in the Gospel for to-day. St. Paul lays down a duty. Most of us think of joy as the expression of a mood. The first Christians were full of joy. 'A conquering, new-born joy awoke,' said Matthew Arnold, in lines well known. That joy was indeed a conqueror. By grace of it the Church triumphed in three hundred years of conflict with the worldly power organised and splendid—as it had never been. Joy is shown by the newly converted. Sometimes this takes a form which moves us to smile. We should do better to reflect: How poor an example of Christian joy am I. Little joy do most of us show in our lives except when our spirits are high.

St. Paul was assuredly not telling the people to be hilarious when they felt, as we say, 'jolly.' Nobody needs telling that. A man newly in love, one who has just won a triumph, a youth at the call of some new venture with hopes of El Dorado, a man of science with a discovery, an artist in sound or words or colour knowing that a new work is good—such people are full of joy.

They cannot help it. So are we when we are like that.

St. Paul meant his Christians to know that they had within them a source of joy independent of the state of their bodies or their prospects in life. That inner feeling is what the Christian has a right to claim, and a duty to set forth. Why is it that we fail to do this ?

Lack of faith is one cause. Even now many people accept their religion and make use of it. Still to some it is as natural as the air they breathe from the days of childhood onwards. The world about us is imperfect enough, but in some sort Christianity is a part of it. It enters into its daily surroundings, and is part of our history. All this we can think away. Some do. This needs effort. That is why many unbelievers are so self-conscious. In such a society as ours, with Christianity a part of the furniture of national life, individual faith is often weak. (These conditions are passing, but for many people they remain.) Consequently when gloom comes, or trouble, or great perplexity, such people have no standing-ground. 'My religion is no use to me.' How many have not said that in recent years ? Their house is built on the shifting sands of social tradition. When the storm comes, it is swept away.

Others are not like that. They have felt the changing forces of the modern world and known

doubt. Perhaps, for there are not a few so placed ; they have been bred up in circles which disbelieve in Christian Faith. Their faith then is a hard-won treasure. It seems real. Yet all the time they live in a world of doubt, hostility, denial. Temptation comes to such in a different way. At times of crisis they wonder whether they have been right, whether after all it is not those who take the other side who are justified. The very intensity of their faith at some moments makes them ask themselves at others whether it be more than self-hypnotism, something they took up because it soothed, or because it served to give unity to their scattered purposes, and now that seeming is no more. The power to soothe is gone. They forget. Our Lord never promised us a faith or a joy that should do away with trouble. What He promised to all His disciples was the Cross. ' If any man will not take his Cross and deny himself, he cannot be My disciple.' Many people find that. They have used these words, but meant little by them. Then they find the Cross laid upon them. But our Lord said, ' The disciple is not above his master.' ' In the world ye shall have tribulation.' But He added : ' Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.' Our faith must embrace that, or else it is not Christian faith at all. Only as we learn that ' grace is sufficient ' not to take away the Cross, but to help us to bear a harder one,

can we have the spring of Christian joy. This comes only by experience. You cannot take the Cross by deputy. You may have thought of the Passion of our Lord and of the early martyrs as doing away with the need of any such joy in suffering on our part. It does nothing of the kind. It shows us the way in which we may encounter 'the changes and chances of this mortal life.' It makes no profession. It never has made any profession to lessen for us those 'changes and chances.'

Selfishness is one of the causes of our lack of joy. Years of settled peace, a prosperous and developing civilisation, the thousand and one newnesses of the modern world, induced in most people an imperious demand for happiness conditioned in external joy. When the conditions were taken away there was a corresponding sense of wrong. Yet in some way and at some time they are taken from most persons during this lifetime. Bereavement, broken friendship, failure, sudden ill-health, the oncoming of age, money troubles—anything may be the cause of the loss. Never, I suppose, has the loss befallen so many at once as that which the War has wrought. It has changed the horizon of all of us. We find it hard to bear. We have thought so much about ourselves, even our work has been too much our own ; not enough God's work, our affections have been self-centred so that any-

thing that interferes with them destroys all our joy. We tend to make others gloomy, so as to have all in tune. We throw our own gloom over the world. We are apt to make all things dull that they may accord with our melancholy.

How are we to remedy this ? Not by meditating on our blessings. Moods of this sort will not give a man much profit from the perusal of *The Saints' Everlasting Rest*. *The Imitation of Christ* will only make him want to give up a task which seems too hard for him. In all conditions of dulness it is never wise to say, 'Try and be cheerful.' The maxim strikes one with a chill like the photographer saying : 'Now, sir, a smile if *you* please.' The best antidote is to do something for others. No one feels the joy of doing an unselfish action like a man or woman in a fit of gloom. Our religious life is not real, but it is too often a separate, private thing ; our own special patent medicine, not something we communicate to others. We have been so greedy to take, so churlish to give. That is why we find it so hard to stand up against the temptations to be absorbed in our earthly sorrows, and to neglect or deny the inward power of Christian joy.

In this way, then, by a stronger faith coming from a selfless activity, shall we hope to fulfil our duty of joy in times of darkness. Such times must come. They are meant to come. The

only matter is how we take them. Do we, for instance, take them as well as our soldiers do? We know we do not. They shame us. Yet our duty is the same as theirs—a cheerful courage. This might give us that sense of union with them of which many people just now feel the lack. At this moment most people at home, if they are not absorbed in work, have a special temptation to gloom—in that *malaise* which comes to those who perforce have to watch while others are in the furnace. They feel they can do so little in this supreme crisis that they are apt to do nothing at all. We ought to be making others happy by showing 'where true joys are to be found.' Instead of this we are apt to mope.

Yet could we give this help, could we show forth the grace of joy, we should do more to convert the world than any preacher, more very often than can be done by those with more shining virtues. Joy is contagious. The Catholic Church has been, as we said, the greatest treasury of joy in human history. It is partly our fault if it seems to many now a dull, spiritless institution, resting only on the past without any principle but conservative sentiment, lacking in colour and charm. Such notions are wrong. They are not all our fault. Partly they are. Let us 'live more nearly as we pray.'

'O Almighty Lord and Everlasting God, Who alone canst order the unruly wills and affections

of sinful men ; grant unto Thy people, that they may love the thing which Thou commandest, and desire that which Thou dost promise ; that so, among the sundry and manifold changes of the world, our hearts may surely there be fixed, where true joys are to be found.'

SERVICE

'I am among you as he that serveth.'—St. Luke xxii. 7.

THESE well-known words of our Lord are out of the Gospel for St. Bartholomew's Festival, which we kept on Saturday. Now they come to us with special force. Service is in the air. Everywhere we hear about the duty of service. Most of us are swift to see the call of it—for other people. We condemn whole classes for any lapse or supposed lapse in this.

The right to a self-centred life on individualistic lines is challenged as it has not been before —or rather the challenge which used to be cried by the few is now echoed from all sides. All this in regard to the crisis of our country.

The appeal of Christianity as a religion of service will therefore come home to many in a new way. At least it ought. We Christians need to examine ourselves with a new severity. How far are we followers in act of Him who spoke the words ? Words like these are familiar to us. They seem the obvious expression of Jesus' character. To those who heard them they were startling. The disciples knew indeed that the Master was no grandee, but they hoped that He soon would be. At that moment He

was in the eye of the world—even the small world of Palestine—nobody, or at most a new popular leader. Picture the evening conversation of some tolerant Rabbi with a young zealot of the Law. 'Have you heard the latest' —the youth might say—'the new prophet is setting the Jordan on fire. Crowds follow him —large crowds. Yesterday there was a scene in the Temple—such a scene, the interference with legitimate trade by a provincial fanatic and his rabble. He makes the ignorant imagine that they are cured, so he leads them on to revolution. Why don't the Sanhedrin do something? What are they for? It is their office to foresee dangers and to nip in the bud these disturbing movements. It will be awkward, uncommonly awkward, for you and me if this absurd Galilean propaganda makes headway. Not that I think it will. Our people, even the lower orders of Jerusalem, are too quick-witted. They will soon see through this mystery. The peasants of Galilee are gullible. What else could you expect? But at the worst there is some culture in the capital. Still, it is time something were done. I always said the old gentlemen had no backbone. We want new blood, new blood, sir, in the council.' To this tirade the elder and man of the world would reply: 'I do not quite take you; I think you mistake fireworks for lightning. You are very quick, and can see many

things. I tell you there are some things it is better for a man not to see. This prophet—what is his name ?—oh, Jesus of Nazareth—I saw him once. There is no danger there. The whole thing is too absurd. We need pay no regard to a fanatic—(I grant you he is sincere)—who talks about giving bread which is flesh, and tells pretty stories with a moral. The cures alleged might do some damage. A few effects on those of weak nerves may be real—but they will not differentiate him from many others. Some charm he has, and the ignorant almost love him. That will pass. It always does. They 'll grow tired, and run after another mountebank. The best thing to do with a movement like this is to leave it alone. It will burn itself out. Likely enough these peasants crying Hosanna will soon be crying for his blood.' Well, they did.

To the disciples He was never like this. That is not because He seemed to them ' as one that serveth.' These works—healing and helping, this going about doing good, were to them so many expedients. They were the means needful to reach the crowd—that end was political dominion. When the Kingdom was established the Master would be seen in His true light—leader and commander of the people.

They too would all find this account. Like Napoleon's marshals, they might now be only private soldiers, but each had the baton in his

girdle. One day they would reach their goal and be hailed as friends.

So they are. But princes of the royal highway of the Holy Cross, not palace officials with honours and earthly wealth. That is what they hoped. This is clear from the request of the mother of James and John.

We know what a mistake they made. So well are we aware of it that yet we cannot think of ourselves doing anything like it. Are we so sure? How do we interpret to ourselves this maxim, 'I am among you as He that serveth'? True, we are willing to serve. We don't want, at least we should not admit that we want, to lead selfish, isolated lives. But what sort of service is it that we want to give? Is it not curiously like that of the sons of Zebedee? They wanted to serve—who doubts it,—but to serve in a place of rule. We want to be known as having a right to command. We need a sphere of work where our talents and character are recognised. Some people serve the world best as leaders. That we know. Commanders there must be. We think we are born for that. In the mid-nineteenth century the religious life was being revived. It was a not uncommon gibe that many devout persons believed that they had vocations to be a Superior. Is not that like most of us? Serve! 'Oh, yes, of course I serve, but honour me for serving' is our word to the world. That

is the one condition. Like the Scribes and Pharisees, we like to be called Rabbis and love greetings in the market-places and the reserved enclosure at public functions. What depth of insight there is in these words of Jesus. The humble, obscure tasks are not for us—with our gifts. We are by nature different from the mob (the uneducated, or the untrained, or the undisciplined). Either brain or tact or control gives us rank. Now it is true that any man or woman has his own special gift of God—one star differs from another star in glory. But we err in supposing that we alone are exceptional. Every one is exceptional. Not a single Christian in the Church, not a single citizen in a State, but has his own peculiar contribution to make. Yet the world can only see a few, and we want to be one of these few.

Where the Christian disciple falls below his Master is here. Not because he thinks he has a special task; he has—but because he wants to deny that other people have, and looks for a pedestal. How little do we take to heart the hackneyed lines:

> All service ranks the same with God,
> If now as formerly He trod
> Paradise. His presence fills the earth,
> Each only as God wills
> Can work: God's puppets and worst
> Are we; there is no last nor worst.

'THERE WAS SILENCE IN HEAVEN'

THIS festival, it may be said, has no practical value. Every day we have the Eucharist, and we can kneel in adoration before the Sacrament always. True. God's gifts, however, go beyond immediate practice—they give us joy. Some of our troubles would be less if more people could think of the Eucharist as a source of joy, and not merely of help. Let us fix our minds now on this joy. That joy is a fact. Those who deride us, or patronise as useful but unimportant a Sacramental Christianity, do not seem to realise the great experience we have. It is possible even to believe in the Real Presence, and to make much personal use of the Communion, and yet to know little of its joy. To this end we need leisure and spaces set apart. Most people are in a hurry. Western men and women always want to 'get something' in their religion. Let us then for the moment make abstraction of all the other and so necessary aspects of the Eucharist, its assurance of pardon, its gift of strength, and think only of this, its deep underlying joy.

The joy of the Eucharist, apart from the joy

of common worship, is of more than one kind. There is the joy of *wonder*. Men may say what they like about needing a religion everywhere intelligible, and I do not deny the efforts, nowhere greater than in so grand an upholder of the Eucharist as St. Thomas, to put the whole Catholic faith into a coherent system. Still there remains in the religious mind an irreducible sense of mystery. No religion without mystery will long hold the allegiance of men. They never have. Even an agnostic like Herbert Spencer was willing to claim for his faith in the Unknown and Unknowable Reality that it kept alive the consciousness of mystery. That he thought was all that the religious spirit needed. It is not all, but it is a part. The sense of the mystery of life—of ourselves, of any single fact—is overwhelming. Science does not remove it, science describes but does not explain. Science tells us that it depends on the number and rapidity of vibrations whether we see blue or red, but that statement leaves more crying than ever the difference of blueness and redness to the mind. *Omnia exeunt in mysterium* said the old adage, and the joy of the Eucharist is that it keeps ever alive this sense of wonder, and gives us the right to cry, *O altitudo*. It gives us the outward and visible presentment, that sense of the depth and height and length of the Love of Jesus, which passeth knowledge. As we revere that strange humility

of God which permits us to adore Jesus present in the Sacrament of the Altar, we are more and not less able than before to see God in every hue and sound of nature, and feel Him in every breath of air. This mystery does but focus and concentrate our wonder. It prevents that most precious gift from fading in the light of common day.

Secondly, there is the joy of *rest*. We have come home. As we kneel before the altar, knowing that here indeed we have *Emmanuel*, we have the sense that we are at rest. Rest does not come from inaction, and is often contrary thereto. The sense of rest belongs to one who feels that he is in harmony with what is. The storms of the world, and the anxieties of the mind, and the distracting irritation of sin, and the pressure of temptation, and the fever of thought, and the whirring machinery of this life, both inward and outward, may go on, but they are superficial. He is at peace, and his mind is stayed on God, and, though the base of his life may rock, the life itself is secure.

Lastly, we have the joy of *faith*. To many in this age of doubt and denial the Eucharist has that chief joy. The sense that here is the very centre of opposition makes them the more courageous to stand by it. The impugners of the supernatural can never be brought to faith in sacramental religion, though with pious

phrases some may honour it as a symbol of the sanctity of all things, or as a venerable monument of historic faith. But we know that at bottom they deride us, and so, like a soldier laughing at the foe, we cling with the *élan* of faith to the blessed fact. We have perchance a feeling somewhat akin to that of early martyrs, who stood for this faith the more boldly though all the world poured scorn. Only this joy needs control, or we may merely use it in pride, and plume ourselves on imagined superiority. We are right to have this joy, but we need it to deepen our own faith. If we use it merely to fling defiance at our foes, we are taking the means for the end, and are like to lose the very faith we so delight in. Faith must be deepened, and made more serene by the Eucharist. The faith which is partly the joy of battle is like the faith of the controversialist, who seems to think that the object of faith is not so much for life as for defence, just as a barrister values his brief not for any truth it contains, but as a material for forensic triumphs. All we who have to defend the faith—and which of us has not ?—are liable to this snare. They think more of the debate than the object. Obsessed with argument, they have so much lived in dialectics that their faith has no reality in it when dialectic palls.

Let us, then, have our joy in the Blessed Sacrament, a joy of wonder, a joy of home-coming, a

joy of courageous adventure, but let us above all keep the feast in the spirit of quiet. Not the music, not the incense, not the light, nor all the *decor* express so fully the joy that is ours, as the *hush* before the Blessed Sacrament. Only as we live in that spirit of silent awe can we have this joy about us always or take it into all our outside actions and keep it in our troubles, like that purest of all knights :—

> And at the sacring of the mass I saw
> The holy elements alone; but he,
> 'Saw ye no more? I, Galahad, saw the Grail,
> The Holy Grail, descend upon the shrine :
> I saw the fiery face as of a child
> That smote itself into the bread, and went;
> And hither am I come; and never yet
> Hath what thy sister taught me first to see,
> This Holy Thing, fail'd from my side, nor come
> Cover'd, but moving with me night and day,
> Fainter by day, but always in the night
> Blood-red, and sliding down the blacken'd marsh
> Blood-red, and on the naked mountain-top
> Blood-red, and in the sleeping mere below
> Blood-red. And in the strength of this I rode,
> Shattering all evil customs everywhere,
> And past thro' Pagan realms, and made them mine,
> And clash'd with Pagan hordes, and bore them down,
> And broke thro' all, and in the strength of this
> Came victor.'

You and I know many such knights to-day; their life is more like that of Galahad, than a

little while ago we would have dreamed. As we pray for them, some of whom know not this mystery, let us pray that the joy of the Eucharist may unite us, and that its glory may dawn on some who do not see it yet.

ANGELIC MINISTRY

'That they may succour and defend us on earth.'—
Collect for Michaelmas Day.

How many Churchmen use these words with reality? Has not the belief in angels vanished from most? To many it is at best no more than a poetic fancy. It pictures in imagination a belief in something without us—which prevents us being alone. Few have any real belief in angels, real living beings, out of sight, created for praise and helping us. A pious fancy, we think. People might not be the worse if they gave it credence. Hardly could they be the better. For the doctrine of angels is no use. It does not help us in the moral conflict. That, to many, is the essence of religious life. Let us keep to what we feel sure of—God our Father, and His Son Jesus Christ, our Redeemer. That expresses the mind of the larger number of English Christians at this moment.

This has been developing since the sixteenth century. The worship of angels, as of saints, had grown vastly in the later Middle Ages—perhaps too much. To some of the simpler folk this worship may have obscured not their faith, but their devotion and sense of intimacy with

God. In reaction against this the Protestants made a clean sweep. Invocation of Saints was done away, and treated as idolatrous. Attention was withdrawn from angelic ministries. Few people saw what was meant even by the terms in Milton's *Paradise Lost.* Yet more remote are they from the serene and gracious mind of Hooker—who, as he lay dying, was asked on what he mused, and gave answer 'The number and nature of the angels and their blessed obedience and order.' More and more did men lay stress on the practical nature of religion. Great was their hostility to any elaboration of a cult which could not plead utility —and a rather obvious utility at that. The words of Queen Elizabeth, 'Take away those lights, we see very well,' are typical of the Protestant spirit. For some time the effect desired was produced. A minority—never more than a minority—did have an intenser concentration upon the central truths. The ardour of spiritual vision among the Puritans (the flight of the alone to the alone) was a fact. Even that was only produced at a cost—the cost of making religion for the mass of men a vague, formless thing—and prayer a wish breathed into the void.

To the mediæval mind the unseen world was concrete, alive with individuals. Saints and angels seemed natural to them. When deprived of these, the popular mind had nothing to fix

upon—the heavens so bright and coloured and gay to their fathers, Jerusalem the Golden, became to them a vague entity, without form, and void. The other world had been a home—the happy home to which the pilgrim looked passionately forward—now it was a waste howling wilderness, swept by no winds of love. Dante may have been too concrete, too full of particularity in description. This is a less error than that of being too abstract, too negative. In the result there was nothing left to interest people in the world beyond. After interest had gone, faith quickly began to go. Belief in our Lord became vaguer and vaguer, when all His attendants, 'the solemn pomps and sweet societies,' had gone. Christ became no more than a name for religious experience. The other world was whittled down to a vague providence. Life beyond lost its meaning when it was no longer possible to picture it. True, many who gave up all real sense of Communion with saints and angels believed still in individual immortality, and looked to see,

> 'With the morn, those angel faces smile,
> Which they had loved long since, and lost awhile.'

In the last generation that, too, began to vanish. Modern science defined the intimate relation between inner consciousness and matter. It did not prove, but it made plausible, the view

that our personality is a mere effluence from the body, and dies along with it. This went along with the tendency to confine religion to what was immediately useful. Men settled down under the influence of all these forces into a state in which vast numbers not only have no belief in saints and angels, but no value for Christ, except as an impressive but antique moralist; no faith in a living God, though the word is an elevated name for the sum of realities; no belief in their own personality—for how can you believe in a self which will go out like a candle extinguished? Men faced this world with hope, but the hope is only for a few short days of frost and sun: they faced death with courage, but without faith. Strangers they wander in an enemy universe, without meaning, without love and without joy, save for those transient and melancholy delights with which, like opiates, they seek to dull the knowledge of the ineluctable end.

Then came the War. The immediate rending of ties with the youths of a thousand homes made insupportable the thought of annihilation. When you have to do with those who die in the natural order—work done, careers achieved, and powers failing, and children and grandchildren to carry on—then it is not so hard to think that death closes all. But when the splendour of youth is reft from us, youth with

its wealth in promise, its gifts of potency, its work all yet to do—its wistful gaze into the unknown—when this is smitten, it is hard to think that all is done, and all that treasure of power is lost. Consequently there was a great turning to the thought of a life hereafter. Those who believed were eager to restore a practice, deemed noxious for ages, praying for the dead. Others less fortunate ran this way and that, crying for light—giving credence to any practitioner in the occult who could assure them that all was not lost. Spiritualism increased upon us by leaps and bounds. Why should we be surprised? The fact that with so many these things have taken the place of Christian Faith is a Nemesis on the Church for neglect. Religion has been to many either a thing of this world, or merely a system of ideas. Its accredited and official spokesmen have been so timid of all doings that make a concrete reality of communion with the world beyond, that our generation has turned otherwhere for the springs of consolation. Instead of getting angry, we should do better to revive our faith in the unseen presences, and go back to the doctrine of the Prayer Book—for it is Prayer Book doctrine, not sentimental nor exotic devotions, of which I speak.

Either we believe or we do not believe in the supernatural, *i.e.* in a world beyond and includ-

ing this universe of time and space. If we do believe in it—and faith in God means that—let us take our belief seriously and not be afraid of its consequences. In that view there can be nothing improbable in the existence or the presence about us of beings invisible and of an order different from ours. The corrective to all exaggerated spiritualism is the doctrine of angels. And the only ground for disbelieving it is the materialist notion that the physical universe is all. Let us, then, have the courage of our convictions. Let us not be ashamed to confess faith in what they involve. This faith will need an effort, because for so long it has passed from our minds. That effort will be easier if we fix our thoughts not alone on the existence, but on the fostering care of the angels—as Jesus did Himself. So we shall once more pray with real faith the Michaelmas Collect :—

'O Everlasting God, Who hast ordained and constituted the services of angels and men in a wonderful order ; mercifully grant, that as Thy holy angels always do Thee service in heaven, so by Thy appointment they may succour and defend us on earth ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.'

THE IDEAL OF A UNIVERSITY LIFE

'O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all; the earth is full of Thy riches.' . . .
'I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live; I will praise my God while I have my being.'—Ps. civ. 24, 33.

THESE words might well be inscribed on the portals of every university. Herein we find the ground of study, its value, and its end.

The world is a world, not an aggregate of unrelated items; even a heap of sand is a heap, not merely so many grains. Rich, indeed, and various is this Aladdin's palace of delight, from its 'widening wandering skies and clouds eternally new,' and every incident of night and day, and all the many-coloured pageant of mankind. This is the first thought—

'The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings,'

said Stevenson to the child; and so, like the Psalmist, 'I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live'; and we are right to 'have our joy in Him.'

Not only is the world manifold. It has a meaning; 'in wisdom hast Thou made them all.

Were it not rich and wonderful we should not want to study it. Were it not in some sense the embodiment of wisdom, our study would not be worth while. Some thread of secret connection there must be, or all our toil of inquiry would be vain. This sense is our unconscious basis—whatever we think of the nature of this thread, or even if we hardly know there is one. Else we are soon driven to despair; and the weariness of drudgery would have no light at the last. But we do not think that. All our investigations rest on the faith that 'we shall see of the travail of the soul and be satisfied.'

Many stop here. And I do not say that more is absolutely needful to justify study than this sense that the universe is a wonder, and that we may become intimate with it if we take pains; and that some unity lies between us and its secret, which will bring results. We, however, who come here to worship can go further; we can say with the Psalmist that this unity is not merely mechanical—which ultimately would give a world with no meaning, for necessity is blind—but that all the machinery is the means employed by a Personal Spirit to reach far goals; and that any beauty here is the symbol and the sacrament of the 'Altogether Lovely.'

But gathered in this place, we are witnesses to one more principle—the method of our search is social. We seek these things together. The

term University means, as all know, a society ; a university is not only a place of universal knowledge, even if it involve that ; first and foremost it is the life of a society of men and women, united by a common spirit, and labouring far beyond the compass of any single individual. Moreover, each member is changed by that very union ; the stamp of the common life is on him, and he is for good and evil set beyond and above his purely private ends. The river is more than an aggregation of drops ; and so in our common search for knowledge each of us takes from the whole more than he gives.

More and more is it seen that wide and enduring knowledge comes to men gathered in congregations of inquiry, and is not the reward in its completeness of mere lonely brooding. Even in the more abstract of sciences, like mathematics, progress is made by darts of imagination, which is kindled and corrected by the common life with those like-minded. In all study, and certainly in those of human interest, it is when a man works, not as an individual, but as one of an order, that alone we gain that fine tact which is almost instinct, that faculty of selection, that swoop on to the relevant, all that subtlety and delicacy of intellectual work, which is compact of reason, imagination, and personal sympathy. The great Danish critic defines style as ' the determined exclusion of what is almost, but

not quite right' ; and no man learns that ascetic austerity except through a social medium. Not that we should undervalue the gift of the individual, or ever suppose through modesty that even the humblest has not something to offer to the whole—his own and no one else's. Still less should we deny the meed of honour to some who, away from all studious encouragements, have given themselves in lonely sacrifice to adding to the sum of known truth. Yet these too are social workers. Even if they stand apart from the life of to-day, they are using the accumulated riches of the race. Men could not, if they would, reach to any fresh discovery, entirely oblivious of all done before. The non-social student, like the self-made man, is a figment. All depends on the experience of ages, and the organised life of society.

All this is yet more pertinent if we regard Universities in their second aspect. To many, indeed, it is their only importance : to be places of education. Now education is, in its very idea, social, communal. It is to secure a supply of men duly qualified to serve God in Church and State. It is to make them better members of society ; and that, whether you mean by society a cricket club or a church, a municipal body, or even a joint stock company. It is to make them better citizens, better Churchmen, better Nonconformists, better Atheists even, if

you understand me. For the University is not set to teach this or that opinion, either in politics or religion. What it has to cultivate is a spirit ; to help men to clear away the thickets which impede the path to judgment ; to look before and after in any present problem ; to maintain principle without anger, and to criticise opponents without malice.

As John Henry Newman said in that incomparable *Idea of a University*, which W. Pater took as an instance of a perfect presentment of a theory :—

' If he engages in controversy of any kind, his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of better, perhaps not less, educated minds, which, like blunt weapons, tear and hack instead of cutting clean, mistake the point in argument, misconceive their adversary, and leave the question more unsolved than they find it. He may be right or wrong in his opinion ; but he is too clear-headed to be unjust. He is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is designed. He throws himself into the minds of his opponents ; he accounts for their mistakes. Nowhere shall we find greater candour, consideration, indulgence.'

But if education is designed to fit us to live alongside of other people, we must ever bear this thought in mind. The common life into which we enter is not limited by those who are with us

at the moment; nor even by our own land; nor even by the world of all civilised men. Our course is bright with all who lived long ago, and it embraces those to come. Citizens of the world, we are to enter into the gathered experience of all the races of every age: to make ourselves akin with the far past, and to see our friends in children that are not yet.

Both of these elements must go to make us. That spiritual heritage, which some call culture, has its roots far back, and we may not deny them. Yet it is not all. Nietzsche wrote one of his most piercing essays on the *Use and Abuse of History*. Therein he showed the danger of a culture which, resting only on the past, was ever bidding its votaries look back. What he calls the 'Culture-Philistine' is the person whose life is little but a congeries of memories. Instead of marching bravely towards the unknown, they cling to all that has been; and then only at second-hand. This was a needed warning. Mr. Kipling cried it to the house-tops in *Tomlinson*.

Do not let us forget this. Some in every age preen themselves on their culture, boasting their superiority, when for sheer vitality the laziest schoolboy could shame them; and even an American millionaire has more reality. Let us steer clear of this vice; and beware of being so greatly concerned with the objects and dreams

of men long gone, that we have no eye for the urgent interests of our age, making ourselves the futile mouthpiece of a tradition instead of the embodiments of a living spirit. The past enters with us ; we are ' the heirs of all the ages,' but also we are ' in the foremost files of time.' We are to transmit what we have, not dried like a mummy's face, but using all its wonder to add some fresh quality, all our own ; leaving something better, as we pass. Each of us has life to MAKE something ; and it is very true what is said that ' God Himself could only create by creating creators ' ; and none but has his share in the great artistry of the world.

Other dangers attach to the opposed view. Futurism does but put in heightened language a doctrine now widely held. That is the desire to cut the painter altogether ; and to live for a new age regardless of all that has come down. This age is very conscious of its newness ; and, like all fresh epochs, scornful of the last. ' God, I thank Thee that I am not as other men, ignorant, Philistine, *borné*, or even as this Victorian.' Once again is the eighteenth century in fashion, and to young men and women just now the nineteenth is prehistoric. This sense of freshness, of quickening life, makes on the whole for good ; and it has a truth, for things have changed. But if carried to extremes, it leads the wrong way. First, it ignores human nature—whatever

their mechanical environment, and even if their thoughts go faster, men and women remain the same 'wise, idle, childish things,' who love and struggle and suffer and sin. That is the inalienable need of the Gospel, which tells us that none can sink so low but the blood of Christ redeems him, and none can rise so high but he needs forgiveness. Secondly, this Futurism tries to do the impossible. You cannot get rid of the past, so long as you deign to remain living in the world. However much we deplore it, we are what we are, as members of that great society of which I spoke. The whole history of man, rather the universe of created things, is part of us; had there not been Archimedes, there would be no airmen; but for the life of Julius Cæsar, we could not have the Kaiser Wilhelm to admire.

However, this boisterous effort to deny our parentage is little more than the naughtiness of a boy in his teens who votes his family a mistake: and we know these rude ways will pass as he grows to the age when he can at once comprehend his ancestry and yet go beyond it.

Other dangers encompass the student: there is the narrowing of sympathy. Culture at its best should deepen every sympathy. Yet this result is not certain. Sometimes it sets up barriers, instead of pulling them down. Men bore their own tunnel of private work, forgetful

of the world, and blind to every interest save one. Or else, wrapping their souls in a garment of refinement, they sit, like the gods in Olympus, ῥεῖα ζώοντες, scorning the crowd. Or, what is more, content with some added efficiency, they seek their fortune, reckless of all who lack their chances. These things are not merely wrong; they are false to the notion of education. The specialist's blinkers, the æsthete's proud-flesh, the jingling watch-chain of the money-maker —all alike are parasites of the University: they are not of its life, and run contrary to its idea.

For that ideal of education in common, which we call a University life, has its value in the balance and proportion of our development. Of one part of this I speak only to show it is not forgotten. Training in outdoor things is not often neglected by Englishmen. All that we need say is this: no greater snare lies before the man of intellectual interest than the itch to despise it. Faults we may have in England, by overrating it; but they are faults on the right side.

But this ideal of harmony is far wider in range than the linking of bodily with mental activities. It bids us pay due regard to those little graces without which social life lacks charm, and not to think courtesy silly. Also it reminds us to give to the imagination its scope no less than to

the reason. In broad, the power to kindle the imagination is of greater moment than almost any other quality ; and that, in every avenue of effort, social, political, economic, religious. Further, we are saved from the tyranny of any one method ; from fastening on to a Procrustean mechanical bed matters, which exceed all mechanism, being, like poetry, of the breath of life. It bids us so to cultivate knowledge, as not to forgo wisdom ; and so to encourage the poetic, as not to lose sight of the actual. It saves us from that blind absorption in our own interest which narrows the whole life, and ultimately is fatal even to that one pursuit. Equally should it guard from that other pitfall—of being content with a dilettante, bowing acquaintance with many matters, without being at the pains to fathom one of them. Above all, it keeps us from the fatal twist of making culture the appanage of a clique, and narrowing into the treasures of a coterie what is meant to be a gift to mankind.

All these aims—depth, width, variety, harmony, sympathy—find their ground in the service of Jesus Christ. Here is the Light of the world, no less than of the Church ; and in union with that gracious and piercing Spirit we shall find nothing too low to gaze at, and nothing too high to climb to.

For the goal and meaning of all our striving is

not only with ourselves alone ; it is not even that larger self we call the race—though to some that hope is its far horizon—it is God : and its hallowing of all life finds its ground in those sinless years beneath the Syrian blue.

Come, then, like the three kings, and make your offering. Bring to that strange Child, Who rose upon the world at Bethlehem, what you have, and be not anxious overmuch if it seems to you but mean. Bring to Him the gold of your work ; and let the fruit of all toil be to make this world a place where Christ could more fitly come, and your fellow-men would be better minded to receive Him ; bring to Him the frankincense of your worship ; and remember that all art, when real, is the praise of God ; and that the beauty of the world, and all the wonder of it, whether your part therein be that of giver or receiver, is but a shadow of that angelic hymn, which praises ' Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end.'

And one thing more. Bring to Him, to Jesus, Who died so lonely on the Cross, the myrrh compact of many pains ; and every sacrifice God gives you strength to make. Look to an offering which shall be whole ; for then it must have within it not merely the gold, the fruit of prosperous and honourable effort ; not only the incense, the fair savour of a heart that is glad in the Lord ; but even also the myrrh, the sacrifice

of a life on fire for love, and the blood and tears of many struggles, the gift of the pain and self-lowering denials of a spirit which makes the Cross its bitter help, and knows its Master in the Calvary cry.

THE INELUCTABLE CHARM

'Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.'—St. John vi. 68.

GLOOM had come over that small band. Jesus was no longer in the fashion. Hopes must be given up. The rapid and complete conversion of the Jewish people was out of the question. Many followers left Him, as soon as they saw what He meant.

Jesus turned to His intimates: 'What of you? Are you going to leave me?' St. Peter's answer is clear: 'How can we? Prospects are not bright, but we have no alternative—no other leader. Some leader we must have. Thou hast the words of eternal life.' It was that or nothing. Outward hopes might be few. Inwardly was the assurance of power. 'Thou hast the words of eternal life.' The ineluctable spell was on these men. It has been on the world ever since. It is so now, and that though some do not feel it, and some feel it only partly. 'Can we do without Jesus?' is the question which is being asked all round us. Many people think they can. Just now they proclaim such thoughts freely, and cry scorn on all Christians.

Mr. Arnold Bennett, at home in *The Five Towns*, tells us that Christianity is dead. From the days of Voltaire onwards like claims have been made —in vain. Yet the shrill voice in which death is decreed is evidence of panic rather than of certainty. Part of the virulence of anti-Christian attack is due to this. The Church, which these people say is dead, and believe to be dead, has an irritating way of coming to life again. Nor can we always say that this is the mere galvanising of a corpse. When I am gloomy I always think of the eighteenth century—of the recovery since. Nietzsche gets over this by saying that the Churches are mausoleums of the dead God. Yet, since the words were written forty years ago, there has been an amazing growth of real religion ; the set-back is mainly on the conventional side.

The charm of Jesus of Nazareth touches many who do not admit His claims. To take one instance. The Irish novelist, Mr. George Moore, has no faith, and has said so with some emphasis. Yet as he grows older he turns eagerly to the New Testament, and gives us that strange romance, *The Brook Kerith*. In this book Jesus is not depicted even as an ethical teacher of permanent worth. We are shown a strange mystic with some compelling attraction, misled by vanity to think Himself Messiah. He swoons on the Cross, Joseph of Arimathea restores Him,

and He lives unknown, an Essene shepherd, with all the old dreams renounced. This is the fantasy of an infidel ; blasphemous, too, some will say. May be. Yet over all there is this weird charm, as of something beyond our ken. Such a book from such a man is proof of the deathless charm of the Nazarene. So do others. Even the attacks of Nietzsche testify to the inexhaustible interest of the Christian *motif*. It cannot be ignored. Moreover, the iconoclast seems at times struck by a strange awe. He discriminates between Jesus and all His followers. In places be bows before the charm, though all is qualified with the saying that Jesus was a ' most interesting decadent.'

One step further men may go. Without taking our Lord for anything beyond the ordinary, men may treat Him as the noblest of all teachers and regard His principles as permanent. Mr. Bernard Shaw has but lately done himself the honour of taking this view. All the dogmatic aspects, all the Messianic and Redemptive claims are to him mere moonshine. But Jesus of Nazareth Himself is the eternal teacher of right ways of life. He speaks not only to His own world, but to us. He shows us the true relations of human society. If the world would but take His principles, founding all its polity thereon, alike international and domestic, all would yet be well, for they are the eternal truths of human society.

This position is attractive to a hurrying world which wants practicable maxims and hates to be bothered by ultimate problems. Yet less and less can it be accepted by thoughtful men. First we must cut out, as delusions, many of our Lord's most striking sayings, and even much of His action. If we do that, we must ask : Is it likely, is it barely probable, that a provincial Jew carpenter, with no outlook beyond the local horizons, and no acquaintance with the culture of the great world, should have been endowed with insight into the eternal bases of human life ? Which are more likely to be right, those men who repudiate not merely His Godhead, but His whole teaching, and regard it as unnatural, or those who see in Him a stupendous prophet, out-topping all others, causing the greatest of all historical changes, yet without any nature beyond that which is common, and with that nature tainted by a fundamental delusion ? We in this day can hardly make the dilemma that was once in fashion, *Aut Deus aut homo non bonus*, but we can say this, *Aut Deus aut mens non sana*. Besides, that love to our neighbour, which is the essence of Christ's teaching and life, was, in His view, based on the Love of God. He had no place for humanitarian ethics of a Positivist type. God, too, is not to Jesus a vague entity, the absolute of thought; He is the tender Father of us all, willing the good of His family, and

lifting us from the mire. Jesus came not to teach only, but 'to seek and to save that which was lost.' He saw a world in need and gave 'His life a ransom for many.' His teaching comes of love, and for that love 'He lays down His life for His friends.' He is Redeemer as well as Revealer.

That is why we need Him now. That is the secret of His ineluctable charm. His teaching is so full of wonder, because He is more than any teacher. Even His life, great as it is, is ten times enhanced by the glory of His death.

My friends, upon us here are come also 'the ends of the world.' We see a universe *ante nos*. Much that we deemed so secure is gone. The serene and gracious harmonies of ten years back are not for us. Then, indeed, people might talk as though civilisation worked of itself, and progress was a thing of course. Then there might be those sheltered in cultured pieties who believe in the duty of man 'to take part in the harmonious religious development of the world, and to evolve,' and banish such words as hell as indecent, and sin as an ecclesiastical prejudice, and salvation as ill-educated nonsense. That is gone. The carnival of Flanders has put an end to it. Progress, with a capital P, was torpedoed by the man who sunk the *Lusitania*. We know now—know with a certainty unlike the fancies of the 'half-believers of their casual

creeds,' that it may be given to man to increase his organisations in complexity and his mastery over the material world ; and yet, withal, this increase may bring only a more appalling catastrophe, where the will is turned awry. Barbarity, which in the Dark Ages was nude, is now clad in the shining armour of modern science—that is all. Goodness, kindness, truth, loyalty, unselfishness—these things in the past age men could admire, and even, as some did, persuade themselves to believe were developing in geometrical progression with the process of the suns, almost apart from human choice.

We are in no such delusion. We know that wickedness is no result of ignorance or priestcraft, but is at its foulest in the most highly educated. God is saving man as by fire from the facile optimism of Victorian complacency. He is showing us that evil is a reality, and that it is a matter of will, and how far it can go. So overwhelming is the evidence that some are tempted to say that all is evil, that the old values are as nothing, and the doctrine of the will to power alone faithful to fact. That is a transient error. Most will retain the ancient ideals of human life ; but they will be set against a tragic background in a world where sin is sin at last, and man's need very real. Like the frightened jailor of old, mankind is once more crying, ' What must I do to be saved ? ' The answer is ever

the same: 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.'

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, ere I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Printed by T. and A. Constable, Printers to His Majesty
at the Edinburgh University Press, Scotland

DATE DUE

THE KING'S LIBRARY
3000092011